

THE READER

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 157, Vol. VI.

Saturday, December 30, 1865.

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LONDON: 24 TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED on the 1st, and RE-OPENED on the 8th JANUARY, 1866. No Visitor can possibly be admitted from the 1st to the 7th of January, inclusive. A. PANIZZI, Principal Librarian. British Museum, December 27, 1865.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON, 4 ST. MARTIN'S PLACE, W.C.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the above Society will take place on TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, at 4 p.m., when the Officers and Council for 1866 will be Elected, and the President will deliver the ANNUAL ADDRESS. The Fellows of the Society and their friends will dine afterwards at St. James's Hall at six o'clock. Tickets 25s. each.

WM. BOLLAERT, Hon. Secretaries.
H. J. C. BEAVAN, Hon. Secretaries.

EVENING LECTURES at the ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES, JERMYN STREET.—Professor RAMSAY, F.R.S., will commence a COURSE of TEN LECTURES on GEOLOGY, with especial reference to the Proofs of Geological Time, on THURSDAY, the 4th JANUARY, at Eight o'clock, to be continued on each succeeding TUESDAY and THURSDAY, at the same hour.

Tickets for the whole Course, price 5s., may be obtained at the Museum of Practical Geology.

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THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

MR. DISRAELI said on some recent occasion that the Church of England should be supported, because it was one of the few great things that we had left. This is not an argument which would be quite sufficient of itself in the present day. There must, therefore, be other reasons which perpetuate the existence of such an apparent anomaly as a National Church, which does not embrace within its pale more than half the nation. Nor are they far to seek. Until the coalition of the United States, there never was a nation which had not an Established Church. It had always been taken for granted that some official recognition, not only of worship in the abstract, but of the proper object, and the proper rites of worship, was essential to complete the fabric of the body politic. Without making any assertions about a theocracy, the first orderly Government the world ever saw must have had a large admixture of the priestly element. It was then, indeed, the intellectual element as well. Nor have churches ever relinquished their pretensions to represent, or rather to include, the highest objects on which the mind of man can be employed. But the bare assertion of such a claim will no longer serve the purpose. The days are gone when men can any longer sympathize with the feelings of the Roman citizen who considered it was his duty to remain faithful to the religion of his ancestors, whether he really believed in the existence of the Gods or not. Nothing can be clearer from the writings of Cicero and of Cæsar, than the fact that they regarded the fabled tenants of Olympus much in the same light that we do ourselves. Yet the worship of Jupiter continued four hundred years after the Dictator had publicly laughed in the Roman Senate at the idea of a future retribution for acts done in the body. Ten years only before the official abolition of Paganism in Rome, Prætextatus, its noblest citizen, ascended the Capitol at the head of a long train of worshippers, and consecrated twelve golden statues to the Greater Gods. Something of this tenacity in favour of superstition might have been due to an aristocratic dislike of the new faith, which was even then cherished principally by the middle classes. But there was another reason why the Pagan Church, in spite of the avowed infidelity of its members, managed to retain its supremacy so long in the capital of the World. It was a Church which had made glad the heart of man. Not that its indulgence never gave way to fanaticism. Setting aside its conflict with Christianity, as being rather open war with a rival power, it was liable to violent outbursts of persecution, as every scholar knows well. But these were transient, and followed, moreover, by fits of passionate remorse. Jupiter, or rather his priests, sat as quietly in his cell, when the sacred stone was imported from the East by Elagabalus, as St. Dunstan did in his shrine when Friar Tuck was engaged in his nocturnal adventures. They were secure enough, as long as the fortune of Rome endured. That was the real divinity. That was the great obstacle to the complete triumph of the new faith. All the learning of St. Augustine would never

have persuaded his congregation, when he anticipated by fourteen hundred years what was considered so profane a speech in the mouth of the First Napoleon, that victory was determined not by the favour of the Gods, but by the valour of the legions, had not victory already pronounced against the tower-crowned images of Rome.

To assert, therefore, that the stability of the republic depends upon the preservation of any particular form of worship is a very dangerous argument to use. France was never so aggressive, and never so victorious over her neighbours, as at the beginning of this century, during the first years of which Christianity remained formally abolished, and its rites under a legal ban. England was never so formidable abroad as under a Puritan Government, when the spiritual power resided in every one who might feel inclined to improve the particular occasion. Yet some such argument as this has been frequently advanced of late in favour of the Church of England. Let her be warned in time. Churches are no more indispensable than individuals. Indeed, however much a Church may strive to imagine that it can fix itself on an immovable basis, and embody perennial truths in short and decisive dogmas, recent experience has shown that the cardinal doctrines of any Church no more remain the same during two successive centuries, or even half-centuries, than the prevailing logic, or the intellectual conditions of two different generations of the same people. It is not, therefore, so much in the reason of Englishmen that our Church should strive to extend its roots, as in their affections. Macaulay has well observed that the Cavalier loved his Church, because it was bound up with festive recollections; and nothing paved the way so much for the Restoration as the total absence of all sympathy with human enjoyments, which was the bane of the Puritans.

Our clergy cannot be said to disregard entirely the amusements of their flocks, nor are the majority of them at all indisposed to sanction, by their presence, any gatherings whatever of their fellow-sinners. But they are for the most part too much engaged in their own affairs to do more than represent their order, as if they were afraid it might be forgotten were they to keep aloof. From a French review of one of Mr. Trollope's novels, we find the extreme worldliness of the English clergy seems to have struck the critic with more astonishment than anything else. By this we do not mean worldliness in a bad sense; but the desire for rich and well-bred wives, for constant promotion, for getting their children on in the world, and all the usual objects of middle-class ambition. No one can deny that all this is perfectly true of our most respectable priests, or that they have always thoroughly appreciated the evangelical permission to live by the altar they serve. There is nothing sinful in this. But when the ministers themselves judge the value of their hierarchy by its material and outward advantages, critics must be allowed to take stock of its stability from a similar point of view.

The Church of England is supported at present on two pillars alone. First, there is the reluctance of every man to leave that communion in whose rites he has been solemnly initiated. This reluctance

is as great, and perhaps greater, in men who profess no more than an outward conformity, than in those who struggle hard to believe that no better religious fellowship than the one they belong to can possibly be found, or, indeed, ever will be found. Lord Palmerston summed up the Articles of such men when he said that was a man's Church in whose rites he was baptized, at whose altar he would be married, and the service of which would be read over his body to gratify the survivors. This is not a high view to take of the functions of Church, but it is a very practical one. It would be repudiated instantly by every priest; yet they feel its force when they struggle hard to deny the use of their cemeteries to those who never passed those precincts to enter the House which consecrates them.

Secondly, there is the great fact, which we certainly owe to Christianity, that it insures the constant residence of an educated man in almost every parish in the kingdom. Both these supports are pre-eminently secular. And it would be most distasteful to the clergy to admit that they have no more solid foundations than these. The first apparently degrades them to a position in no way different from that of the ministers of any other religion. The other places them in kind, though not in degree, with the village schoolmaster, or even the members of the county police force. But the strength of this position is exceedingly great. When Cicero tells us, in one of his gossiping letters, how much money he was laying out in restoring a rustic fane, and when Horace declares that no penitence will avail except temple-restoration, on as grand a scale as we now see going on both in France and England, they forgot one much more essential thing—namely, an endowment sufficient to make it the priest's sole business to serve his restored deity. This our clergy have, and this they may continue to have, if they can manage to keep a majority of the inhabitants for whom the church was built in their way of thinking.

Here comes the difficulty. Since 1850, when the results of the census revealed their true numerical position, they may not have lost ground, but they have gained none. The language of the Bishop of London is decisive. Even the million of money he demanded was absolutely necessary to preserve their relative position in the metropolis alone. The population of the country is absolutely outstripping the provision for its spiritual wants. The laity are being impressed into the service; though some of their spiritual superiors look upon the measure much as the Lacedæmonians did the arming of the Helots. It does not answer any longer to reject those who cannot produce the wedding garment of a University surplice. Still there is room. Empty benches at a feast are almost as bad as skeletons; particularly when the guests are expected to go forth refreshed to their labours. Meanwhile, there is little open hostility to the Establishment. It hangs in that dubious position, when those who are not exactly supporters of an undertaking feel it to be a barrier against something worse that may take its place; or that its acknowledged decline would be the signal for a monopoly of the most grinding character. In fact, the Church has to some extent changed places with Dissent. We know we enjoy a considerable amount of

liberty through the weakness of every individual sect. We do not know what might happen if the serpent of a new magician were to swallow up the serpents of the orthodox enchanters. When combatants are allowed a breathing-time, they may be overwhelmed with advice, but they are generally prudent enough to sit still. If they beat the air in the intervals of each round, it is a bad sign. The Church may have lost some of its best blood; but there is every disposition to let it stand a fair chance. It would be better if it learned to talk less about itself, and the necessity of its existence. Much more than this may be done besides. But it must be done in time; and now a new generation of statesmen, and new combinations of politics—the tendency of which no man can foretell—are looking out for battle-cries, the future of the Church may depend upon its conciliating the most unexpected allies. There are other things to be done besides the building and decorating of fabrics. St. Peter's is the first Christian temple in the world, but half the world was the price exacted for it. We have tried hunting Bishops and fighting Bishops, and Greek-play Bishops. And we have had your Emersonian Bishop, who takes the infidelity out of a man's eye, by asking him to drink wine. We have had a rich clergy, and a poor clergy, and a comfortable clergy. If it be true that the metaphysical state is always succeeded by the positive, we have no wish to have a clergy asserting the "I think, therefore I am." The discussion on the quality of the light on Mount Tabor must have been exceedingly interesting, but it was arrested by the most Positive process on record.

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LOUIS BLANC ON ENGLAND.

Lettres sur l'Angleterre. Par Louis Blanc. (Paris: Librairie Internationale, Lacroix & Co., et à Bruxelles, Leipzig, et Livourne.)

It must be admitted that for the last half-century, and we might, indeed, go still farther back, Frenchmen have not been very felicitous in writing upon England. The observation applies to authors of all shades of political opinion—to Imperialists, to Carlists, to Orleanists, to Liberals, to Republicans, to Ultras, and to Ultramontanes. Frévé, De Lévis, De Marcillac, Cottu, and D'Haussey, though not so ignorant and blundering as some Frenchmen, were yet far from successful in delineating our manners, or in seizing the salient points of our national character, customs, or habitudes. Even in periods comparatively recent—namely, in 1857 and 1863—the correspondents sent here from more than one French newspaper exhibited as little acquaintance with our history, constitution, and literature as did M. Ledru Rollin in that notorious and worthless book of his on England, published in 1850. To write a series of letters on England requires, it need not be said, a familiar knowledge of the language, the society, and the customs of the country, and scarcely one of the French correspondents of the Parisian papers possessed or now possesses these advantages. It is true that these gentlemen are not as mendacious and malevolent as Major-General Pillet, Knight of St. Louis, who wrote a book on England a good many years ago, which had a prodigious sale in Paris and in the provinces, and in which he stated there were few Englishmen of fifty who had not married three times, and few Englishwomen of forty who did not drink "the best French brandy every night, on the pretence of keeping the wind out of their stomachs." But though recent French correspondence has not been disfigured by male-

volent mis-statements of this kind, still the majority of French correspondents in England know as little how to write, or read, or speak our language as M. Pillet. In proper names and names of places they commit as many errors as the Major-General, who was a knight of St. Louis, did in writing Cordover for Cawdor, Wilbersource for Wilberforce, and Lancastherre for Lancashire. Few are the Frenchmen connected with the Parisian Press who know our country and literature so well as Philarete Charles or John Lemouine; but then it must be remembered the one worked for seven years in the printing-office of Valpy, and the other was born and partly educated in London, finishing his studies in France. A more extraordinary man than either of these writers, however, is Louis Blanc. That gentleman, born in Spain, and educated in France, did not arrive in our country till he had passed the age of five-and-thirty. He came a proscribed and exiled man, in a time of great political effervescence and excitement, knowing not a word of our tongue, and with scarcely a single friend or acquaintance. Yet by force of study and painful labour he has attained a perfect mastery of our language, speaking it with fluency and force, and writing it much better and more grammatically than many Englishmen. This is a great achievement for a man of any country, but it is a rare, a marvellous achievement for a Frenchman.

There is no quicker or more gifted people in Europe than the French, but it must be admitted that in the gift of tongues they are behind most of the European races. Frenchmen find in all parts of the world hundreds who speak their language, and hence it is that they rarely take the trouble to learn the language of the country in which they are abiding. Not so, however, Louis Blanc. He has applied himself to the task with assiduity and success, and the result is that he is enabled to understand our civil, social, and political life, our literature, our drama, our amusements, and our field sports, in all their various phases and ramifications. Whether he describes a borough or a county meeting, a debate in the House of Commons, an open-air meeting in Hyde Park, a trades' union gathering, the Epsom races, or the Courts of the International Exhibition, it is plain he understands what he is about, and has taken pains to inform himself by reading, examination, and personal inquiry. We do not say that M. Blanc is always correct in his inferences, or that he is wholly exempt from prejudices and prepossessions, but he is, for a Frenchman, singularly correct in his facts and dates; and his prejudices, such as they are, are free from that violent vituperative and vulgar tone which distinguishes most Ultramontane, and we regret to say some Liberal correspondents. In all that M. Blanc has written we gladly recognize (though occasionally we cannot agree with him) the intention to be just and equitable, the desire to destroy international prejudices, jealousies, and repugnances, and the disposition to praise what is worthy of praise, and to blame what is deserving of blame, in our customs, manners, laws, and institutions.

For more than nine years, we believe, M. Blanc has been the correspondent of foreign newspapers. If we mistake not, he corresponded with the *Courrier de Paris* so far back as 1857, though none of his letters to that journal are in the volume before us. But his letters to the *Temps* of Paris, to the *Etoile Belge*, and to *L'Europe* of Germany, from 1861 to 1865, are here given, and though a well-informed Englishman would not learn much from the perusal that he did not know before, yet he would learn this at least—and it is something—that the writer, though proud of the greatness and civilization of his country is, for a Frenchman, singularly free from national prejudices, and desirous above all things that France should perfect and extend those constitutional institutions which she enjoyed from 1815 to 1848. This is also the desire of most thinking and enlightened Englishmen, for

on its realization depends the future peace, the progress, and well-being of European States. Everybody is aware that M. Blanc is no partizan of the present system in France, and that in consequence of his opinions he is an enforced exile from his country. No one feels the pains of exile more than a Frenchman, and no Frenchman so much as a French journalist; yet though expatriated, and obliged by the sweat of his brain and brow to eat the bread of bitterness in a foreign land, no word of unmanly complaint escapes from him, and there is no personal vituperation of Emperor or Ministers to be found in the 900 pages of which the two volumes consist. This, at least, is dignified, and it advantageously contrasts with the bombast, vituperation, and rant, with the fume and fustian of other exiles, some of whom are older, though not wiser, than M. Blanc. But though there is no rant—though there is no tearing of a passion to tatters—in this correspondence, yet there is a calm and searching examination of the system of autocratic Government, wherein the dangers of the prolonged occupation of Rome and of the distant and dangerous expedition to Mexico, not merely to France, but to Europe, are shown up. As to the present ruler of the French, intelligent Englishmen, whether in or out of office, desire neither to vituperate nor to flatter him. But without reference to him personally, they hold fast to the opinion, that so long as the resources of a great country are held in the palm, so to speak, of one man's hand, there is danger for France, for Europe, and for the world.

Treaties of commerce and more extended international intercourse, no doubt, daily diminish the chances of war; but so long as one man can, without let, hindrance, or accountability, dispose of the prodigious resources of France, and by raising the point of his little finger put in motion 500,000 or 600,000 men, there must be uneasiness, mistrust, increased expenditure, and heavy navy and military estimates, among all the European Powers. There is always before us, to use the words of Victor Hugo, "Spectre toujours armé, qui nous suit côte à côte et qu'on nomme demain." While the author before us very clearly sees this danger, he is also alive to the imperative necessity of a thorough alliance between England and France. "Si la France est l'épée," he says, "l'Angleterre est le frein, et il ne faut pas que le cheval emporte le cavalier." In one of his letters, written in 1861, M. Blanc tells his countrymen what the English think of them. "You," said an Englishman to him, "know full well what are our intentions as a nation. Our Press, our Houses of Commons and Lords, our Ministers proclaim them. Vous, au contraire, quel moyen avez vous d'étaler les faits à l'opinion publique en France?" M. Blanc was unable to answer his English friend, and he closes with this reflection: "Quel malheur que le gouvernement Français ne comprenne pas mieux combien il est lui-même intéressé à ce que la discussion en France soit rendue libre, entièrement libre."

The part of his Letters in which M. Blanc appears most mistaken is that relating to Ireland. He thinks Ireland one of the most unfortunate of countries. The fact may be so; but it certainly is not owing to the last two generations of Englishmen. For near six-and-thirty years—i.e., since 1829—Ireland has been not merely justly but indulgently governed. The country is one of the least taxed in the world. There is no oppression, civil, fiscal, or religious; yet behold the result in Fenianism. M. Blanc is evidently much better acquainted with England than with Ireland. In fact, it does not appear from these volumes that he has ever set his foot in the land of Ierne. He seems to be awfully impressed with the mysterious and shadowy dignity of a certain M.P., a Mr. O'Donahoo, calling himself The O'Donoghue, the descendant of kings—kings, if they ever existed, who stained their skin with saffron, drank usquebaugh to inebriety, and pillaged and forayed on friend and foe with equal

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impartiality. We do not believe that M. Blanc is in the least degree an Ultramontani-
 nist, but he allows his democratic and politi-
 cal feelings to overbear his better judgment
 in reference to Ireland.

M. Blanc's appreciation of the political
 men of our day is singularly correct. He
 appreciates Wellington, Peel, Palmerston,
 Russell, Derby, Gladstone, Sidney Herbert,
 Cobden, Bright, Roebuck, and Cornwall
 Lewis with discriminate and almost unerring
 accuracy, and there is scarcely a personal
 judgment or conclusion in reference to these
 public men with which we can find fault.
 When M. Blanc touches on social, or legal,
 or administrative questions he is not so
 happy. Not that he is ignorant, ill-informed,
 or imperfectly informed, but that he enter-
 tains peculiar and special views, possibly
 practicable, more probably impracticable,
 but at all events much in advance of our
 times.

On the whole, we are greatly pleased with
 these volumes, and think their publication
 must do much good. Some of the topics
 treated in the letters are old enough to be
 quite forgotten, and some cannot escape the
 charge of staleness, so that there will never be
 a large circulation for the book in England.
 But in France, Belgium, Italy, and on the
 Continent generally, the work will circulate;
 and it will not be without its uses in
 America. M. Blanc is a partizan of the
 North, but not an unfair or disingenuous
 partizan.

We have said that the author makes few
 mistakes in the names of persons and places,
 yet there is Sir Crompton for Sir J. Cramp-
 ton, Minister at Madrid; Tiloury for Tilbury,
 Pontonville for Pentonville, knights of the
 shire for knights of the shire, and Mark
 Lane for Mark Lane, with some half-dozen
 errors of the like kind. But we do not
 charge these errors on the author, but on the
 printer's devil, who has a back and shoulders
 quite broad enough to bear a more Atlantean
 burden.

THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table. Illustrated.
 By Oliver Wendell Holmes. (Strahan.)

SINCE first our friend the "Autocrat"
 usurped the conversational sceptre at
 the Boston boarding-house, he has continued
 to wield it over an ever-increasing number
 of listeners both in England and America,
 and his antithetical utterances and dogmatic
 assertions have become familiar in many
 households.

His table-talk is not like that which fell
 from the veiled lips of Coleridge, nor has it
 the battering power of Luther's, which
 demolished many of his opponents simply by
 the weight of the words thrown at them. He
 does not talk "like an angel," nor like the
 granite reformer whose derision discomfited
 even the arch-mocker himself, but he tells
 us what he thinks about many things of
 which we have never thought ourselves, and
 often contrives to give even to worn-out
 platitudes a new and beautiful dress.

"There is nothing I hate like facts," said
 Sydney Smith, "except figures." The
 "Autocrat" professes the same horror.
 "They are the brute beasts," he says, "of the
 intellectual domain. I allow no 'facts' at
 this table." So those people who delight in
 being landed on one of those isolated islands
 in the great ocean of truth will find but
 little prospect of being put on shore by the
 "Autocrat." He never once informs the com-
 pany at the breakfast-table of the per-
 centage of nitrogenous matter in the food
 they are eating, nor does he ever
 "calc'late." "The woman who calc'lates,"
 he tells the young ladies at the table,
 "is lost;" indeed, he is always very
 severe on vulgar American phraseology and
 the tone of thought indicated by it. Such
 expressions as "fust-rate," "prime," "a
 prime article," &c., blast the lineage of him
 or her who utters them for generations up
 and down. The landlady's daughter and
 "the young fellow whom they call John,"

are perpetually being reproved for such, but
 the latter is utterly incorrigible, and even
 ventures to pun now and then in the august
 presence, unmindful of the law laid down,
 "that life and language are alike sacred.
 Homicide and *verbicide*—that is, violent
 treatment of a word with fatal results to its
 legitimate meaning, which is its life—are
 alike forbidden. Manslaughter, which is the
 meaning of the one, is the same as man's
 laughter, which is the end of the other."
 Our "Autocrat," be it observed, here, and often
 elsewhere, falls into the fatal practice himself;
 but then he sublimely informs us, "If I
 have used any such, it has been only as a
 Spartan father would show up a drunken
 helot."

"Speech," we have been told, "was given us
 to conceal our thoughts, but our "Autocrat"
 utterly refuses to use it for this purpose.
 Whether he has any other thoughts than
 those which rise to the conversational sur-
 face, we do not know; but all these he ex-
 presses with confiding candour. He tells us
 his opinions about men, women, books,
 horses, science, and meerschaumpipes. Hein-
 forms us how he manufactures verses, and how
 he always feels like "a cobbler putting new
 top-leathers to an old pair of boot-soles and
 bodies when" he is "fitting sentiments to
 these venerable jingles":—

..... Youth
 Morning
 Truth
 Warning

He states his creed in two all-embracing
 words—the two first of the Paternoster.
 Ah, how much theological bitterness would
 be spared, if men really believed and acted
 up to the "Autocrat's" expression of his faith!
 How many utter it, yet how few consider
 that a common Paternity means also univer-
 sal brotherhood!

Mr. Wendell Holmes, in his character of
 "Autocrat," declines, for the most part, to
 enter into religious discussions at the break-
 fast-table. "I won't talk about these things
 now," he says. But although he never
 preaches the sermon with which he is always
 threatening his fellow-boarders, we can form
 a pretty good guess at the principles he
 would lay down in it. Some of them, we
 expect, would not be found in strictly ortho-
 dox text-books. Take this illustration of
 the human will, for instance:—

Do you want an image of the human will, or
 the self-determining principle, as compared with
 its pre-arranged and impassable restrictions? A
 drop of water, imprisoned in a crystal; you may
 see such an one in any mineralogical collection—
 one little fluid particle in the crystalline prism
 of the solid universe!

This same problem—viz., "the pre-
 arranged and impassable restrictions" of the
 human will—is the one dealt with by Mr.
 Wendell Holmes in his fascinating novel,
 "Elsie Venner." It seems, indeed, to have
 a charm for American writers. It lies dimly
 visible in the background of many of
 Nathaniel Hawthorne's early writings, and
 has found distinct expression in his last ex-
 quisitely poetical and psychological romance,
 "Transformation." "Elsie Venner" and
 "Transformation," indeed, may be taken as
 two expressions of views which are essentially
 similar. In the one ("Elsie Venner"), a girl
 whose mother had been bitten by a serpent
 inherits a curious snake-like nature, and is
 subject to uncontrollable fits of passion, for
 which it is hard to hold her responsible; in
 the other ("Transformation"), a young man
 traces a mythical descent from a race of
 Fauns and wood-nymphs, and inherits, along
 with the long ears of his ancestors, many of
 their peculiar characteristics, their joyousness,
 their love of nature, but more especially their
 unreflective, half-animal nature, capable only
 of instincts, or at least, unresponsive to the
 faintly-heard voice of reason. In the one
 case *love*, in the other *sin*, works out the
 hereditary taint, but the question of moral
 responsibility is the same in both books.

But we are afraid the "Autocrat" will
 scarcely pardon this long digression. He sel-

dom allows the company at the breakfast-table
 to put in a word. He likes to have all the talk
 to himself. "Stay," said the German gen-
 tleman to poor Goldsmith, who happened to
 be talking whilst Dr. Johnson was rolling his
 head about and grunting, preparatory to
 uttering his annihilating "Sir"—"Stay,
 stay, Doctor Shonson is going to say some-
 thing." We are silent. The "Autocrat"
 frowns at us in an awful manner, drinks
 another cup of tea, and begins:—

I find the great thing in this world is not so
 much where we stand, as in what direction we
 are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we
 must sail sometimes with the wind and some-
 times against it; but we must sail, and not drift—
 nor lie at anchor.

Oh, indeed, no! I am not ashamed to make
 you laugh occasionally. . . . The ludicrous
 has its place in the universe; it is not a human
 invention, but one of the Divine ideas, illustrated
 in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys
 long before Aristophanes or Shakespeare. . . .
 The serious man "would cut his kitten's tail off,
 if he caught her playing with it." Please tell
 me who taught her to play with it?

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle
 which fits them all.

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much
 used till they are seasoned.

The axis of the earth sticks out visibly
 through the centre of each and every town or
 city.

The opinions of relatives as to a man's
 powers are very commonly of little value; not
 merely because they overrate their own flesh and
 blood, as some may suppose; on the contrary,
 they are quite as likely to underrate those whom
 they have grown into the habit of considering
 like themselves. The advent of genius is like
 what florists style the *breaking* of a seedling
 tulip into what we may call high-caste colours.
 . . . It is a surprise there is nothing to
 account for it. All at once we find that twice
 two make *five*.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The
 Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then
 closes the case, and gives the key into the hand
 of the Angel of the Resurrection.

But our "Autocrat," with all his affectation
 of sublime indifference, is in reality very
 soft-hearted. If he ever sends any criminal
 off to Siberia, he is sure soon after to send an
 express train after him to bring him back.
 He gets very low-spirited and listless after
 his ninth or tenth breakfast, and states that
 "the throbbing flushes of the poetical inter-
 mittent" have been coming over him from
 time to time. This, we all know, is a very
 bad sign. Indeed, we soon find that the
 great Czar has sunk to the level of us ordi-
 nary mortals; that is to say, he has fallen in
 love (who could help it?) with the sweet
 schoolmistress. Yes, kings, kaisers, and, if
 the truth be told, even popes, have all been
 known to tremble at a woman's touch; what
 wonder, then, that our "Autocrat" succumbs.
 But our terror of him is henceforth gone; we
 dare even to hint (he will not hear us, for he
 is whispering to the schoolmistress) that our
 conversational chief has talked nonsense some-
 times. What, for instance, did he mean by
 telling us that "the amen! of Nature is
 always a flower?" (He does not hear us, or
 if he does, will not vouchsafe an explana-
 tion.) Perhaps it is our stupidity, but we
 own we do not understand either the
 sentiment or the note of admiration. "The
 amen of Nature" might as well be a stone
 or a weed, it seems to us, as a flower, if,
 indeed, Nature ever says amen, which modern
 physical theories incline us to doubt.

But the "Autocrat" cares very little for our
 impertinent remarks. The schoolmistress
 has consented to take the "long path" of
 life with him, and he is too happy and too
 much engaged with wedding preparations to
 notice such small "carping criticism." The
 schoolmistress also is silent, but perhaps
 that is because she has been told—

Better too few words from the woman we
 love than too many; whilst she is silent, Nature
 is working for her; while she talks, she is work-
 ing for herself.

But we should not at all be surprised, in
 spite of the lady's demure looks, if the

"Autocrat" got hen-pecked after his marriage.

Occasionally, when not in the "talking vein," our love-conquered "Autocrat" would read us some of his poems. We remember we especially liked one entitled, "The Chambered Nautilus" :—

This is the ship of pearl which poets feign
Sails the unshadow'd main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings,
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their
streaming hair.

The nautilus, it is well known, dwells in a succession of compartments, each of which is larger than the one last inhabited. This is the lesson drawn from this circumstance :—

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreath'd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings :—
Build thee more stately mansion, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
sea!

Mr. Strahan has, we believe, published several editions of the "Autocrat," beside the pretty illustrated one we are now noticing, which deserves to rank high in the long lists of "Christmas gift-books." Railway readers, and those who do not care for the external qualities of a book, are offered a copy in exchange for the sum of one shilling. We assure them they could not make a better exchange.

We should like to know, though, why the second title, "Every Man his own Boswell," which appeared in the earlier editions, has been omitted in the later?

STANLEY'S JEWISH CHURCH.

Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church.
Part II. From Samuel to the Captivity. By
A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster.
(Murray.)

THOUGH this book will, of course, be widely circulated, it will not be very popular, in the sense of being very much extolled, except by a certain few. We are all so familiar with the "Prophets and Kings" of the Old Testament; we have formed so distinct an image in our minds of the more prominent among them, that it is a hopeless task for the most enterprising theologian to expect to stamp his idea of the policy of David, or the patriotism of Ahab, upon any generation of Englishmen. Nor is it likely that these "Lectures" will have more than a contemporaneous reputation. Whatever opinion may be entertained fifty years hence of the exact value of the Jewish records, or the historical illustrations which ought to be gathered from the prophetic writings, it is not likely they will coincide with that expressed by a writer whose position is such as to render him cautious, yet whose sympathies are with our most advanced school of theology.

The form of Lectures has enabled Dean Stanley to hurry over such portions of his annals as are unsuited for his peculiar purpose; and besides, he assumes all along, as he is perhaps entitled to do, that his hearers or readers are tolerably well acquainted with the leading facts of the history. But this feature, which renders the book much more vivid than it would otherwise be, makes it very difficult to seize upon any single point of view, from which to judge of it as a composition. Still the author is more bold in his expressions about the necessity of manipulating the sacred narrative than in his previous series; or, as he phrases it, "I have ventured much more freely than before to throw

the lectures into the form of a continuous narrative, believing that thus best the Sacred History would be enabled to speak for itself. There are, doubtless, many passages in which the historical facts and the Oriental figures are too closely interwoven to be at this distance of time easily separated. . . . Some exhibit diversities which cannot be surmounted, except by an arbitrary process of excision, which we are hardly justified in adopting, and which would obliterate the value of the separate records." And again, as he remarks, with some humour: "Let me freely speak unto you of the Patriarch David,—such is the spirit in which we should endeavour to handle the founder of the monarchy." And he carries out this principle most completely. Modern sententiousness is applied in every possible way to extort from the sacred narrative results which shall harmonize with modern experience. It is this which forms the most striking success of the book as a literary composition; but it is also the one which must render that success of necessity somewhat ephemeral. Still the art by which the common view of the Bible, and of its unique character, is not set aside, and at the same time the researches of modern criticism and their inevitable consequences freely admitted, is very consummate. Detached extracts might be quoted which would give pious persons who had never heard of the Dean of Westminster, if such persons exist, a very incorrect idea of his real opinions. Take, for example, his eloquent panegyric of the Psalms :—

"By the Psalms, Augustine was consoled on his conversion, and on his death-bed. By the Psalms Chrysostom, Athanasius, Savonarola, were cheered in persecution. With the words of a Psalm Polycarp, Columba, Hildebrand, Bernard, Francis of Assisi, Huss, Jerome of Prague, Columbus, Henry the Fifth, Edward the Sixth, Ximenes, Xavier, Melancthon, Jewell, breathed their last. So dear to Wallace in his wanderings was his Psalter, that during his execution he had it hung before him, and his eyes remained fixed upon it as the one consolation of his dying hours. The unhappy Darnley was soothed in the toils of his enemies by the 55th Psalm. The 68th Psalm cheered Cromwell's soldiers to victory at Dunbar. Locke in his last days bade his friends read the Psalms aloud, and it was whilst in rapt attention to their words that the stroke of death fell upon him. Lord Burleigh selected them out of the whole Bible as his special delight. They were the framework of the devotions and of the war-cries of Luther; they were the last words that fell on the ear of his imperial enemy, Charles the Fifth.

To rationalize about Saul, and David, and Solomon, is an easy task. To point out that the latter, notwithstanding the sins and backslidings of his advanced years, never ceased to be considered as the wisest of men, is thoroughly in accordance with the scientific teaching of our day—that moral and intellectual excellence are perfectly independent of each other. But these are themes which have been handled well before. The strength of our interpreter is best shown by the ease with which he unfolds the more intricate history of the two kingdoms. Their very separation is told in a way that is quite new to us. We scarcely expected to find so ingenious an apology for "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who taught Israel to sin," or that this sin really consisted in an over-zealous endeavour to preserve the belief in the unity of God. If Jeroboam was right in withdrawing the allegiance of ten tribes from his sovereign, it is difficult to understand how he could have been expected, consistently with his own security, to allow his subjects to worship only at Jerusalem. And in those days the erection of a second Temple must have been understood from the first to imply the inauguration of a second Deity.

The Kings of Israel are throughout invested with a more romantic halo than those of Judah. The Dean, like M. Rénan, rejoices to use the experience derived from his travels in bringing before us the "goings up and the goings down" which strike at once the traveller in that land of mountain and plain. What we have been accustomed to look on as

mere prophetic imagery is dovetailed into the topography of the cities and hills with a skill which can only be the result of labour, more like that bestowed on the classical writers by the great scholars of the sixteenth century than anything that has ever appeared before in the shape of a biblical commentary. Thus the denunciations of the prophets against Samaria are made to do unwonted duty in perfecting the luxurious picture of that romantic creation of the house of Omri :—

In front of the gates was a wide open space or threshing-floor, where the Kings of Samaria sate on great occasions. The inferior houses were built of white brick, with rafters of sycamore; the grander of hewn stone and cedar. It stood amidst a circle of hills, commanding a view of its streets and slopes, itself the crown and glory of the whole scene. Its soft-rounded platform was, as it were, a vast, luxurious couch, in which its nobles rested securely, "propped and cushioned upon both sides, as in the cherished corner of a rich divan."

In all these portions of his narrative, Dean Stanley can give no offence, and will be secretly referred to by many who would repudiate any sympathy with his general attitude towards Kings and Chronicles. He has somewhat exaggerated the real grandeur of the kingdom of Israel; for his language would be appropriate enough if he was describing the glories of Babylon, of Nineveh, or of Egypt. Israel was never more than a sort of provincial monarchy. It never obtained much consideration from profane historians. It had no port, like Tyre or Sidon, from which to send out "ships, colonies, and commerce" to the whole extent of the ancient world. Nor did its fall, or even that of Jerusalem, create any marked difference in the balance of power between the monarchies of Egypt and those of Babylon and Assyria, to the mutual jealousy of which the Jews owed, for a long time, their precarious independence. But we do not think of this as we read on. To the earlier prophets, the luxury of such as Ahab, and the power of such as Jezebel, were the types of worldly prosperity and exaltedness. We are not vexed with minute criticisms about the exaggerated numbers of contending hosts, or questions about the adequacy of the royal resources to keep up the magnificence of a court, or pay vast tributes to the Gentile invader. If the deeds were on a small scale, the spirit in which they were done was not. And it is with that spirit we feel ourselves concerned alone. The stage on which Athanasius acted was the whole area of the Eastern World. He hid himself, like Elijah before him, in caverns and deserts, and no man could find him. Yet he could appear suddenly in the streets of Constantinople, and stop the Emperor of the Romans at the head of his guards, and retire again, no man knew whither, in safety. But his figure fails to impress our minds like that of Elijah, who stands out in these pages more clearly than ever as the very chief of the Prophets.

"Alone, alone, alone"—so, thrice over, is the word emphatically repeated—the loftiest, sternest spirit of the True Faith raised up face to face with the proudest and fiercest spirit of the old Asiatic Paganism. Against Jezebel rose up Elijah the Tishbite. . . . He was the Prophet for whose return in later years his countrymen have looked with most eager hope. It was a fixed belief of the Jews that he had appeared again and again, as an Arabian merchant, to wise and good Rabbis, at their prayers, or on their journeys. A seat is still placed for him to superintend the circumcision of the Jewish children. Passover after passover, the Jews of our own day place the paschal cup on the table, and set the door wide open, believing that is the moment when Elijah will re-appear. When goods are found and no owner comes, when difficulties arise and no solution appears, the answer is, "Put them by till Elijah comes." . . . As of Luther so of Elijah, it may be said that he was a Reformer, and not a Theologian. He wrote, he predicted, he taught, almost nothing. He is to be valued, not for what he said, but for what he did, not because he created, but because he destroyed. . . . Not unnaturally have the Mussulman traditions confounded him with the

mysterious being "The Immortal One" (El Khadr), the Eternal Wanderer, who appears, ever and anon, to set right the wrong of earth, and repeat the experience of ages past. Not unnaturally did the mediæval alchemists and magicians strive to trace up their dark arts to Elijah the Tishbite, the Father of Alchemy.

It is with these sterner spirits that the Dean seems most at home. He dwells briefly upon Isaiah, and in his delight to bring out things new rather than old from his treasury, the strange idea of Hezekiah that he was himself the Messiah, and that he was destined to immortality, forms the prominent feature in his reflections on that reign. The evidence for this seems to consist chiefly in the fact that Hezekiah, unlike Oriental monarchs in general, did not think seriously of marriage, until after his well-known illness. It would have been more in accordance with the writer's usual bent to have mentioned this tradition only to explain it away. But he is a master of effect; and will not be deprived of a striking situation. It is this disposition which prevents our recommending this book as a safe guide to the right reading of Jewish history. Its details are magnificent, and it is above everything suggestive. Old times and modern times are brought face to face by a wonderful psychological analysis; but we have no faith in its truth. We do not believe in the resemblance. We all know how the Book of Revelation, by an ingenious process of selection and omission, may be made to furnish symbolical representations of almost any man or empire we wish; and we have doubts how far this process may not have been carried in this case also, especially when we find the elegy of Byron on Sennacherib has been so strangely dealt with, at the same time that it is entitled "a fit conclusion for the whole event."

We have given one specimen of his humour which we acknowledge has been kept, for the most part, within the bounds of reverence—a sacrifice, we think, which must have cost the writer many smothered pangs. Not that we mean by this to insinuate that we detect any disposition to ridicule what so many hold sacred even in things otherwise indifferent; but the fear of offending prejudices has manifestly imposed trammels in cases where scholars would feel they had ordinary license to deal with men and their motives. There is, however, another passage that we cannot forbear the gratification of concluding with, so Carlylesque, so quaint, and so tantalizing in its half-truth. It is when Jeremiah has dictated his prophecies to Baruch, and the scroll has been recited to the King, who did not indeed make the messenger eat it, as was done long afterwards with a Papal Bull, but quietly cut it up, and threw it into the fire, or brazier. Then Jeremiah took another roll, and again the prophecies were written down, with additions. This seems a simple proceeding enough. Not so to our Dean: "In this record of the Prophet's feeling, thus emphasised by his own repetition, is contained the germ of the 'Liberty of Unlicensed Printing!'" We fail to see anything of the kind ourselves; but we have no doubt the idea produced the desired effect upon the undergraduates before whom it was first read; and if the Bible is to be studied like any other book, there can be no better mode of carrying out that principle than by linking the present to the past, and by finding analogies like this, a species of wit in which Dean Stanley is a very high proficient.

COMIC BOOKS.

Beeton's Book of Jokes and Jest. (F. Warne & Co.)

Beeton's Book of Burlesques. (S. O. Beeton.)

Beeton's Riddle Book. (S. O. Beeton.)

Major Jack Downing. (F. Warne & Co.)

Phoenixiana. (S. O. Beeton.)

Hatch-ups, or Stories Told in the Dark. Beeton's Christmas Annual. (S. O. Beeton.)

The Sparrowgrass Papers. (George Routledge & Sons.)

Sam Spangles, or the History of a Harlequin.

By Stirling Coyne. (George Routledge & Sons.)

Everyday Blunders in Speaking. (George Routledge & Sons.)

New Charades for the Drawing-room. By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam." (George Routledge & Sons.)

Original Double Acrostics. (George Routledge & Sons.)

Parisiana, or "Tis He," the Modern Cæsar. By Civilian. (Smart & Allen.)

Sensation Trials and Causes Célèbres. By Civilian. (Smart & Allen.)

The Frog's Parish Clerk. By Thomas Archer. (Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.)

Vere Vereker's Vengeance. A Sensation. By Thomas Hood. (John Camden Hotten.)

Look before you Leap, or the Adventures of Roderick Brown. A Humorous Poetical Sketch. (H. A. Vilet.)

The Glories of a Crinoline. By a Doctor of Philosophy. (Dalton and Lacy.)

Legacy of Fun. By Abraham Lincoln. (Frederick Farrar.)

THE winter season is accountable for a great deal. The world of literature is unlike the world of nature, and its flowers unfold in greater variety and luxuriance during the time of frost and snow than beneath the alternate rain and sunshine of a vernal sky. About the period of Christmas a peculiar kind of publication suddenly starts up. Fun is rampant, and readers are inundated by a perfect flood of comic books. If they are not amused, if their sides are not perpetually shaking through laughter, if grins do not abound in every direction, either the public must be lamentably incapable of appreciating a joke, or there must be something wrong with the fun itself. We would blame neither readers nor writers rashly. There are few persons who cannot number among their acquaintance a professedly funny friend. By some means or other, he has gained the reputation of being amusing, and, as a consequence, generally becomes a licensed wit and bore. He will find at all times and in all places something to furnish him with the material for a joke or a pun; and both are, as a rule, bad enough. To please him, one must be constantly on the look out for some hidden diamond in his talk, and some latent spark of wit, though should the listener fail of his own accord to recognize them, they will be generally pointed out to him by the pitying punster. He appears never to be discouraged, and though often unappreciated, still perseveres in pouring forth his good things into the ears of those whose lot it is to be in his company. There is no more severe social infliction than this race of avowedly funny people. In literature, too, they have their analogies. Books are written and published which are fondly intended to be perused with a chuckle and grin; jests are perpetrated which the reader cannot perceive, or only after travail and grief; and the efforts of those who live to please and amuse fall flat upon us. We really feel much as if we had for some time been the victims of a *tête-à-tête* conversation with some comic friend. Not that the volumes, a somewhat lengthy list of whose titles is prefixed to this notice, are wholly bad; on the contrary, one or two are really humorous, but the failures, which are the rule, are very glaring.

Under the title of a "Book of Jokes and Jest" we have a collection of various so-called "good things." Several of them are original; but few have wit. We have tried repeatedly to laugh over what we have read, and have only in one or two instances succeeded; it is to be hoped that others will be more fortunate. The names of W. Brough and F. C. Burnand will be a sufficient guarantee that "Beeton's Book of Burlesques" contains much that is amusing. There are pieces intended for drawing-room performance. Viewed in this light, their success may be questionable. There are two principal obstacles in the way of the satisfactory presentation of the extravaganza in a private house. In the first place, the means for the production of brilliant

stage effects cannot be possessed; and, secondly, amateur actors do not generally acquire the particular power that is necessary for enacting the part of a burlesque character well. Consequently, there are two very important elements lacking. The authors have obligingly suggested the method in which the scenery may be contrived out of the most ordinary articles of furniture and dress; but after all, their productions will probably give more pleasure when read than when acted in the back drawing-room. Beside this volume we may place "New Charades," by the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," which, though it may not be open to the same objections, might perhaps as well have remained unwritten. An acted charade should be perfectly easy and natural; there ought not to be the same elaboration that is necessary for a regular piece; and these are far too studied. Again, the most successful are those which are devised *impromptu*, or at least without anything approaching to full rehearsals.

Those who are fond of puzzling themselves and their neighbours over the Christmas fire with riddles and conundrums will be obliged to Messrs. Beeton and Routledge, who have both contributed their share towards the business of perplexing. Mr. Beeton has the advantage of greater variety and originality, but in neither venture is there anything particularly striking. "Major Jack Downing" is a feeble affair. Written in a vein not altogether dissimilar to that seen in "Artemus Ward," it is vastly inferior in vivacity and point, and represents the vulgarity of Americanism without the humour. "Phoenixiana" has pretensions not only to amuse, but instruct, and information is mingled with spasmodic attempts at wit; still the result is very dreary. The subjects treated are of a miscellaneous kind; and the author seems to consider himself equally at home in science and satire, criticism and fiction, poetry and prose. Any one who can smile, except in pity, at the "Sparrowgrass Papers" is, to a certain extent, an enviable being. They are dull almost beyond conception. The tranquil delights of a country life are described, and the author, as if to prove that he is serious in all he has said, treats us to the weakest essay in the concluding papers that we ever remember to have seen.

The idea upon which "Hatch-ups," Beeton's annual, is based is decidedly good, but the execution is by no means uniformly excellent. A number of schoolboys agree to tell each other stories in the dark, after hours, when talking is forbidden. The masters overhear, and are charmed, and a tale from the lips of the head master, the Rev. Jabez Oldthorpe, completes the series. The initial letters, done by W. Brunton, are, many of them, very comic. Mr. Burnand, exhaustless in puns and burlesques, contributes the tragedy of "Beautiful Helen," and the puzzles, which are seemingly supposed to satisfy a natural craving epidemic at this time of year, again greet us. Messrs. Routledge and Sons are really indefatigable caterers for the public amusement, and if the public will not be amused, it has only itself to blame. "The Life of a Harlequin" deserves commendation. There are one or two powerful descriptive passages, it has more than the average amount of fun, and may very fairly serve to while away an idle hour. We are not, however, to have the *dulce* to the total exclusion of the *utile*; and in a short treatise we are warned against the various errors in everyday speaking. A very objectionable schoolmaster instructs a select few of somewhat priggish pupils in the art of *orthoepeia*, and finally compliments them on the "steadfast attention" which they have paid to all that he has been pleased to say. We trust that each reader will do the same.

We must say a few words with reference to two volumes of a very different character to any that we have yet noticed, not that they have anything remarkable about them, except, perhaps, their conceit, ignorance, plati-

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NEW NOVELS.

Half-a-Million of Money. A Novel. By Amelia B. Edwards. 3 Vols. (Tinsleys.)

tude, and bombast, when any attempt at originality is made; though of this there is but little, and the work displayed is generally that of the scissors. The author of "Parisiana" adopts a style which may perhaps be best described by saying that it is an incoherent mixture of the extravagancies of Carlyle, Victor Hugo, and such writers as George Sala. His object, he says, is to depict the Emperor of the French as he really exists; and he "affects truth, not travestie." We are glad to know it. A few disconnected remarks of the author's are lavishly interspersed by hackneyed quotations, and scraps of French dialogue, random extracts from the *Moniteur*, *Bell's Life*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and several other papers and reviews, make up the book. Considerations on the past history of France, speculations as to its future, Napoleon as an emperor and biographer, the Derby day, the *Grand Prix* of Paris, the annexation of Savoy, Parisian life in general, furnish the theme. The headings of the chapters are printed in very large print, and there are traces of an ardent desire to display some familiarity with the Latin language. "Sensation Trials" combines certain reflections upon the theory of punishment and crime in general with an account of some of those offences which have lately attracted special attention, in addition to what, we imagine, the author is pleased to regard as a philosophical view of the motives which instigated the offender in each. "Civilian" finally comes to the conclusion that modern punishments are not sufficiently deterrent—an inference that does not seem strikingly novel. It is agreeable to meet with two exceptionally good productions. "The Frog's Parish Clerk" is a strangely-sounding title, and we can venture to say that any curiosity which it may arouse in the reader will not be disappointed when he turns to the book. Both letter-press and illustrations are capital, and suite each other admirably well. The latter, indeed, exhibit a grotesqueness and humour which we have rarely seen equalled; though differing in character they would even bear to be looked at by the side of the drawings of Doré. Mr. Archer's descriptive ability is considerable, and he conjures up very prettily woodland and water scenes. In his method of treatment he occasionally reminds us of the "Water Babies;" it has shared the character of his subject, and is light and graceful. "Vere Vereker's Vengeance" is broadly comic; and Mr. Hood has succeeded in the not altogether easy task of taking us through 146 pages of fun and pun, and of being uniformly amusing. There is also much point in what he has written, and the allusions to the topics of the day are neatly contrived. Some of the parodies in the book are really admirable; but perhaps the writer has hit off no style more happily than that of Professor Longfellow. The concluding verse of one such effort, entitled "What is in an Aim?" is especially amusing:—

For whatever evil you suffer,
The words of the sage rehearse,
"Though things may be bad, you suffer,
They might be a good deal worse."

"Look Before You Leap" and "The Glories of Crinoline" rank much on a par. They are both efforts at sharp writing, and both failures. Vulgarity is not the same as wit, and flippancy does not constitute satire. As for "A Legacy of Fun," we can only say that we hope, for the sake of the memory of the late President of the United States, it is not generally authentic. It is always a mistake to publish the sayings of great men; much that is good enough when said, will hardly bear being transferred to paper.

Authors and publishers, at any rate, have not been wanting in supplying the amount of light literature which is usually expected at this season of the year. It only remains for readers to do their part, and to be amused. And if each of these volumes which we have here had occasion to notice yields them amusement, they certainly cannot be called fastidious in their tastes.

THE first impression which will occur to every one on opening the pages of this novel will be, "Here we are going to have a story founded on the great Thellusson case." But every one will be disappointed, except so far as that machinery is introduced to account for the hero becoming possessed of something more than four millions of money in the year of grace 1860. Indeed, there is no reason why the title of the book should not have been, "Four Millions and a-Half of Money," excepting the fear that it would at once have been set down as an incredible absurdity. The general plan of the story may be briefly told. Saxon Trefelden is "the direct heir male of the eldest son of the eldest son" of old Jacob Trefelden, and as such becomes entitled under his will in the year 1860 to rather more than the sum we have mentioned above. He has been educated by his uncle, a Catholic priest, in a secluded Swiss valley. His future prospects have been so carefully kept from him that he does not know the value of a Napoleon when he sees it. In other respects he has been educated far above his apparent, and in point of learning almost equally above his actual position. He is informed in one hour by his London cousin, William Trefelden, a lawyer, of the wealth which must be his a month hence; and so the interest of the story begins, and the question is, What will he do with it?

The next consideration forced upon our minds after rising from the perusal of these three volumes, is the prodigality with which the materials are lavished, and the poverty of the result. Half-a-million of money would have answered the purpose just as easily as four millions and a-half. The inheritance of that sum might have been accounted for as coming to an Englishman whose parents had retired for economy's sake to Switzerland, without the intervention of John Thellusson and his will. A young man who fancies himself in love may give a lady a blank cheque without allowing her to fill it up for two millions; and William Trefelden would have been worth quite as long and as exciting a chase—which is capitally told, and is by far the best episode in the book—even if his carpet-bag had not contained quite so much as another two millions in documents and diamonds. But money is far from being the only material which is used as if of no importance. The first expedition of Garibaldi is made to depend upon the temporary conquest of Saxon by Olimpia Colonna. The frauds of Sadleir are pressed into service solely for the purpose of enabling Saxon to repeat something like the generosity of the Virginians to Lord Castlewood, whose very name is made to do duty in the fabrication of the title of Castletowers.

With all this assistance, no wonder a very readable three volumes are produced. And it may be said, with the exception, perhaps, of the last appropriation, that nothing but what is open to all has been ransacked. This is true enough; nor do we complain of the morality, but only of the expediency of the course pursued. There is something unnatural in dealing with these fabulous sums, and with great public events, which produces a reaction when the story is told, not very favourable to the story-teller. Many of us imbibe a sort of feeling that if we allowed ourselves to invest a hero with such advantages, and to make a revolution, or even a battle, depend upon his personal exertions, we could rattle off as many volumes as we liked, and every man might become his own novelist. Of course the attempt, if made, would prove more difficult than was anticipated; but at the same time it would reveal to those who made it how very mechanical, in many respects, is the concoction of even a more than ordinary novel. Is it wise for those who wish to keep the ear of the public to run any chance of revealing this secret?

In an artistic point of view, there can be still less defence for this abuse of material.

It is like the taste which adorns the image with costly robes, and precious stones, and symbolical paint. These accessories would reduce the works of Phidias to a level with those of Socrates. "Cato's long gown and flowing hair" will bring down the gallery, long before he opens his mouth; and those idlers who are always dreaming of what they would do with a fortune if they had it, will be so struck with the fiction founded on fact of Saxon Trefelden coming into his millions, that they will be quite satisfied to recommend the account of it at once to every other dreamer like themselves. A pleasing train of self-delusions will accompany this large class of novel-readers to the very end. They will think how very differently they would have acted under the circumstances; how easily they would have promised to take those shares, and to sign those cheques, and have evaded the fulfilment of an undertaking nobody ought to have demanded of them; and they will probably think—and here we quite agree with them—that Saxon deserved to lose his second two millions quite as much as his first; and that there is very little to choose between the fair deceiver of Castle-towers, and the promoter of the "New Overland Route Railway and Steam-Packet Company."

This, perhaps, is scarcely the intention of the authoress. But she writes throughout like a woman, and we naturally criticize it through the cynical medium of masculine spectacles. We find it difficult to appreciate the perpetual verdure of the learned peasant; and whilst we admit that Mr. Keckwitch had good grounds for revenge, because he was well punched when detection alone would have been sufficient punishment, still there is something extremely feminine in supposing the curiosity of solicitors' clerks to be so great, that they regard it as an inexpiable offence in their principals to keep any private or business secrets to themselves. The same handling of the passion of revenge is apparent also in the conduct of Saxon when he discovers his great loss. It is very sudden, and very unbalanced. We are startled at it, yet it produces no grand effect. We doubt if Miss Edwards ever realized to herself how large a share the delineation of this passion has in the book. It would have given much more trouble, but that trouble would have been amply repaid, had she done so before she commenced. There is scope in the situations to have permitted all the bye-play, as in a well-arranged drama, to bear upon the leading idea, and to have filled up all the pauses in the principal action with variations of the original theme. The meanness of Keckwitch should have invested William Trefelden's magnificent depredations with some dignity; and the catastrophe which awaits him might have appeared a little more as a fall in a duel for love, and a little less in that of one for honour or pelf. It would only have been in keeping with the grandeur of the prize to have thrown some of the halo of an hereditary purpose round the machinations of the lawyer; and he should have owed his ruin to something more refined than annoyance at the temporary counter-ordering of a cheque. All this might have been done, not, perhaps, easily, but still it should have been done. The high reputation Miss Edwards holds as a novelist is not a thing to be thrown away; nor has it been done now, but we are sorry she has lost an opportunity of raising it still higher. As it stands, "Half-a-Million of Money" is much superior to the ordinary crowd. Had the authoress completed it at her leisure, before the first instalment was printed in a serial, we might have had the satisfaction of announcing a really first-rate work of fiction.

How Will it End? By Agnes Strickland. 3 Vols. (Bentley.)

MISS STRICKLAND'S reading in the by-ways of history—those evanescent records of contemporary events, which the press from its infancy has ever been ready to pour forth, and which are almost as speedily

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buried in oblivion as produced—will naturally have furnished her with a mass of materials for an historical novel. "The Trial of the Porteus Rioters" was to Sir Walter Scott a mine of wealth, and the rehabilitation of the "Heart of Midlothian" may be traced to the fortunate circumstance of his accidental purchase of the volume which contained that and several other kindred pamphlets of the day. Miss Strickland follows somewhat in his footsteps in using up the "Diurnalls" and "Mercuries" of the early period of the great Parliamentary struggle with King Charles for the supremacy. But Miss Strickland tells a story—a clever story, it is true; she does not write a novel. Her "Lives of the Queens of England," and her "Queens of Scotland," have so fixed the narrative style as her medium of communication with her readers, that many of the scenes in "How Will it End?" instead of standing out, in the boldness of a drama, with the stir and pulse of life, and a marked individuality of character—the truest test of the novelist's power—are but the representations of what the author has witnessed, not the scene itself to which she wishes her reader to accompany her. Take, for example, this description of Chester and its inns at the time of the opening scene of the tale. Lady Woodville and her daughter, the heroine of the story, are on their way to Westmoreland, and have to pass through Chester, then one of the Royalist strongholds:—

The coach drove to the Edgar, then a very large, imposing-looking inn; but it was full to overflowing; to the Bear and Billet with no better success.

George Lawton rode up to the coach window, and reverentially raising his cap to Lady Woodville, said:

"Madam, your ladyship can have quiet, comfortable quarters at the 'Old Pilgrim's Inn,' corner of St. Werburgh's Lane."

Lady Woodville, though the widow of a distinguished cavalier commander, was the daughter of a puritan family, and strongly imbued with the prejudices implanted by her early training. She turned pettishly away, exclaiming:

"I will have nought to do with saints, pilgrims, and papists."

"Tut! my lady," exclaimed George, bluntly, "there are not many saints here, I trow, though belike a few papists; but as for pilgrims, they be clean out of date, but there used to be a sort of them, and the inn whereof I speak was built on purpose for them in the good old times. It still bears the same name, and is much frequented by the Cheshire clergy, which proves it is all right; and it's kept by Jane Tuffkyn, a godly widow, who goeth daily to early prayers in the cathedral with her maidens, and the house goeth on all the better for it; so with your leave, my lady, I'll tell the coachman to drive you and my young lady there."

"Hold!" said Lady Woodville; "are there none other inns in Chester?"

"Two score and upwards, I'll warrant you, my lady," replied George, who was himself a Chester man. "There is the Golden Falcon, the Pied Bull, the Red Dragon, the Black Lion, the Pig and Whistle, the Legs of Man, and many more; but they are all full of the wild Irish and Welsh recruits."

"Horrid, outlandish papists, who come to England to cut Protestant throats!" shrieked Lady Woodville's maid Margery. "Sure my lady, we are not going to shut up doors with the like." "Oh me, my lady, what is to become of us poor maidens?" ejaculated Millicent Hill, Althea's damsel; but she was instantly silenced by her young mistress bidding her hold her peace and not increase their trouble by her folly. Then turning to Lady Woodville, Althea entreated her to permit them to proceed to the inn recommended by George. Lady Woodville signified her consent by an ungracious inclination of her head, and George gave the word to the coachman to proceed, riding himself at the head of the horses to lead the way. It was with difficulty they pierced the crowd that had gathered round the coach during the stoppage caused by Lady Woodville's dialogue with George. It was market-day too, and the country people who had brought their produce into Chester for sale eagerly beset the coach, inspired with hopes of custom, holding up bunches of carrots, kail, leeks, and ropes of onions, and clamorously entreating the ladies to buy, in a dialect wholly unintelligible to them. George Lawton at length

succeeded in clearing a passage for the coach, and it drew up before an antique house of entertainment, with open galleries to the first floor, supported by carved oaken pilasters, surmounted by cornices or barge-boards, whereon were represented in rude sculpture various episodes in the legendary history of Saint Werburga, the fame of whose alleged miracles had, during the mediæval ages, been the means of attracting crowds of pilgrims of all degrees to pay their votive offerings at her shrine.

Those who are satisfied with the narrative instead of the dramatic novel may probably like Miss Strickland's delineation of character. The language, on the whole, is smooth, and the incidents possess considerable interest; but the characters are simply marionettes, and the voice of the showman becomes, even when musical, too monotonous to rivet the attention of the listener for the length of time during which the performance lasts. Lady Woodville is the widow of Sir Lionel Woodville, a staunch Royalist knight, of Lancefield Court, in the county of Salop. Althea, their only child, is heiress to large property, but not being yet of age, Colonel Briggs, the Puritan nephew of Lady Woodville, is appointed by her mother as her guardian. After quitting Chester the ladies proceed northward; but Lady Woodville's illness increases so rapidly after crossing Delamere Forest—where the party are stopped by clubmen, or rustic banditti, and rescued by Major Robert Philipson—that she is compelled for the time to make the little inn at Churchtown, Garstang, her home. Here she remains some days in anxious expectation of her "pious nephew, Bartholomew Briggs, of Calgarth Hall," who, with his sister, Mrs. Kezia Briggs, dwells there, wielding much of the power of a court-baron of feudal times. But this Briggs is an unmitigated scoundrel, and holds Calgarth against the rightful owner, Robert Philipson, another relative of the Woodville family; who, possessing some of the beautiful islands in the Lake of Windermere, upon the borders of which Calgarth Hall stands, harasses the life of Briggs, by incessant raids and skirmishes, until the Colonel is obliged to keep the hall in a state of perpetual defence. Lady Woodville dies, however, before Briggs arrives, and her will consigns Althea to the uncontrolled guardianship of her nephew and his sister Kezia, until she attains her full majority. The funeral over, Briggs hurries Althea to Calgarth, and crossing the Lancaster sands in ill-advised haste, loses his way. The coach in which Althea is travelling suddenly becomes fixed in a bed of mud and water, the postillions cut away the traces, and the coachman, sliding down from the box, mounts a leader, and is gone before Colonel Briggs is aware of his design. This brave and pious gentleman—

Perceiving that there was no hope of extricating the coach from the channel into which it had sunk, he opened the door and cried:

"Step on the wheel and scramble up behind me on my horse, take a hard grip of my belt, sit firmly, and I will try to save you—if you will promise to become my wife."

"Your wife!" gasped Althea.

"Time is too precious to waste in trifling," said Briggs. "Answer, yes or no?"

"No!" cried Althea, vehemently, "I would rather die."

"Stay where you are, then, perverse woman, and sink to the depths of —"

The conclusion of his speech was lost in the burst of passion with which he turned away. Striking his spurs into his charger, he rode off at furious speed. Never had the love of life throbbed so powerfully in Althea's bosom as at that moment—life, which one short hour previously she had regarded as a weariness and a burden too joyless to be borne. She now made a last effort for her preservation by calling on Antipope and the two footmen, who were busily employed in detaching the three remaining horses from the coach, to save her.

"Our horses will have enough to carry single," replied Antipope; "every one for themselves."

"And God for us all," rejoined Daniel, the footman, looking back compassionately on Althea, as he mounted. "If I could help you I would; but this mare is a kicker, and you could

not keep your seat two minutes, so you are safer where you are, specially if you can climb to the roof of the coach and sit there."

"Coach will turn over when t'waters rise," observed the other.

"If her time is not yet come, the coach may float like an ark, and then she'll take no harm," said Daniel.

"Farewell mistress!" cried Antipope, who had now mounted. "You will have time to pray, and if you heartily repent you of your sinful vanities grace may abound."

"Ay, wrestle in prayer till your lamp be trimmed, and mayhap it may burn brightly before the waters be upon you," said Daniel, "and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul, poor maiden."

"Amen! amen!" sobbed Althea, who, with the sound of their retreating horses' hoofs, which fell like a knell upon her ear, lost the last spark of hope, and with hope departed the agonizing desire of life which had a few moments previously impelled her to supplicate so piteously for aid the hard, selfish beings who had left her to perish.

Of course Althea does not perish, but is saved in the moment of time by Major Philipson and his trusty friend, Wat Sorby. The two parties meet again at the Traveller's Rest, where Philipson procures rest and dry clothing for his cousin, of whom he is deeply enamoured. The arrival of Briggs and his troopers is the signal for a battle, and to prevent further bloodshed, Althea rushes in and declares her intention of proceeding to Calgarth with her guardian, as the only way of terminating the struggle. With her grim wooer of fifty-five, the heiress pursues her way, and is received by Mrs. Kezia with much kindness and affection. Long Holme Island, Our Lady's Isle, and the Lily of the Valley Isle, are inhabited by Major Philipson and his friends. A light, swift-sailing boat, with a green pennon, marks the Major's whereabouts on Windermere, and Althea is soon assured that her soldier-lover hovers near to protect or save, as the case may be. The household of Calgarth, but for Mrs. Kezia, is drear and dismal in the extreme; Master Elkanah Nobbs, the Puritan chaplain, being the luminary round which it revolves. There is an old tradition of the appearance of two skulls at Calgarth, which Miss Strickland has interwoven, by way of the supernatural, into her story, and "How it will end" the reader, if not too much engrossed by the interest of the tale as it proceeds, will find in the last chapter, in which Miss Strickland reproduces most of her characters to marry them off and send them away happy as the day is long "before the curtain is allowed to drop." "How Will it End?" has reached a second edition, and success is said to be the test of merit. It is a readable story, and will, no doubt, retain its hold as a good circulating library tale longer than most novels of its class.

Adrienne Hope. The Story of a Life. By Matilda M. Hays. 2 Vols. (Newby.)

THE plot of this story is extremely simple, of which the authoress is, no doubt, well aware. Everything like sensation is as carefully avoided as it would have been by the chief villain himself. The man who manages to marry two ladies—one for love, and the other for worldly position—is very clever if he can keep the secret all his life. He is still more fortunate if he can get all the evidence of his first marriage into his own hands; and his good fortune, again, is scarcely equal to his prudence, if he retains it until the birth of an heir is a sufficient reason in his eyes for destroying it. But a man may do all this, and when we see how it is our interest in him ceases altogether. It is also probable, notwithstanding her legal position, that our sympathies will be rather with the deserted wife than with the injured maiden. In all this Miss Hays is true to reality. She attempts the delineation of one figure, and she has succeeded. She has taken care to keep the attention directed to that one figure to the last, and the silence and oblivion by which the real crime is de-

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prived of any injurious effect prevents any dispersion of our sympathies from the direction they have all along been intended to take. As a picture of wrong, silently endured, and of affection faithful to an undeserving object, Adrienne Hope deserves commendation. There is no wearisome prolixity; and when his game is thoroughly played out, Lord Charles Luttrell leaves the scene, before he can profit by his own heartlessness, or sneer at the facilities which wealth and rank extend to offenders whose cruelty exceeds their wickedness.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *British Army and Navy Review* opens well with the new year. The nation is on its trial, as well as Mr. Eyre, and an account of his life is exactly what is wanted during the interval which must elapse before any serious proceedings against him can take place. A handsome steel engraving of the Lieut.-Governor of Jamaica strikes us at once, and prepares us to receive favourably whatever Mr. Hamilton Hume may have to say. Mr. Eyre is the same Edward John Eyre who a quarter of a century ago distinguished himself as a South Australian explorer. He did then, as has been said, "what no man had ever done before, or would ever do again, but as for the immortality of it I cannot find any one in London who ever heard of it or of him." As to this last epigram, it is merely the would-be smartness of a magazine writer. Much more true is Mr. Hume's deliberate assertion, that "it has seldom fallen to the lot of any man to rise into such sudden notoriety as the subject of this memoir." His first public title singularly enough was "Protector of the Aborigines," in which office he won their perfect love and confidence. This at the present moment it is far more important to the public to know than the details about his heroic march of 1,300 miles, and Mr. Hume has known how to fix attention on what is most essential. As a vigorous defence of Mr. Eyre, his article cannot be surpassed. "The majority of educated people in England have no feelings in common with the noisy agitators in Exeter Hall." We think not also, and we hope a considerable number of such persons will embrace this opportunity of making themselves familiar with that side of the question which every Englishman ought to trust is the correct one. This number is great upon the Navy. We have an accurate account of our Navy in 1865, by Mr. Robert Main; an amusing article by Captain Cuttle with the title, "A Naval Apotheosis," in which he laments much over the indignity Greenwich Hospital is undergoing—"the home of England's warriors turned into an Industrial Exhibition!" Fresh vigour has been infused into this publication. The fighting man may be, as Mr. Carlyle says, the only institution which has always been kept up to the mark; but he cannot dispense, any more than Governors or Ministers, with the aid of the pen; and there appear to be persons quite capable of using it for him.

We hail from the North a new periodical, the *Edinburgh University Magazine*. It confesses in a very brief notice to be "connected with the University of Edinburgh." From this we conclude the contributors are, for the most part, students there. More than this the editor does not know himself; at least, he says so. "We feel that we have a peculiar place to fill, but what that place is we cannot explain in a few words." The articles are decidedly clever, as might be expected, coming probably from fresh hands, who have plenty to say; and we are glad to find that the attraction of a tale "to be continued" is dispensed with. The number of these stories, always trying to leave off at some critical moment, is too great already. "The Pantheon of the Transcendentalists" is accompanied by an illustration in sepia, which will induce those who catch sight of it to read and find out for themselves what it can possibly have to do with such a title. A very sensible article on "Creeds" deals with a subject, that of public worship, which cannot be too much discussed in Scotland at the present moment.

The article which will attract most attention in *Macmillan's Magazine* is one by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies on "Nature and Prayer." It is mild in tone, but will scarcely be accepted as adding much to the literature of modern thought upon the subject. In fact, Mr. Davies seems aware that he does not thoroughly grapple with the difficulties which science throws in the way

of our believing that such a prayer as that with reference to the cattle plague and the cholera can be attended with any practical result. His arguments, if indeed they are worthy of any serious criticism, are only consistent with a certain amount of Pantheism. To the Christian who believes God to be Personal, and above nature, it is idle to compare common acts consequent upon human volition with providential interference. But this is what Mr. Davies in reality does.

The most striking feature in the *Cornhill* this week is the resuscitation of Mr. Thackeray. It is well known that, previous to the appearance of "Vanity Fair," no small amount of literary work had been done by Michael Angelo Titmarsh. But the intelligent public saw no magic in that name, and productions were passed by with contempt, and rejected by editors and publishers, which were quite equal, if not superior, to matter that was not thought afterwards too dear at a sovereign a line. "The Second Funeral of Napoleon" found a publisher enterprising enough to print it, in due form, and in decent duodecimo, but few people heard of it, and still fewer read it. Flattery did more for Thackeray than "soothe the dull, cold ear of death." But there could have been none so delicate as this, of issuing pieces stamped long ago with his image and superscription, and exchanging them, as no doubt will be satisfactorily done, for that coin which is the only real measure of success in England. The intelligent foreigner at last really turns up in the shape of an Australian, who gives us his "Impressions of England." We shall be more willing to take hints from our rich colonists than from Americans. Our cousin is struck at once with the vast disparity between the higher and lower classes, especially in London; but this he speedily gets over. His observations are very pleasant reading, and he gratifies our vanity by admitting that whatever faults we have, we are on the way to mend them.

London Society has, amongst its other illustrations, Sir Christopher Wren's plan for rebuilding London. The Act of Parliament for carrying it out was duly passed; and will be found at full length in the Statutes at Large, forming the best commentary upon a design which only the extravagance of Charles II. and his Court prevented being carried out.

The *Victoria Magazine* is principally occupied with the continuations of its three stories. "Turned Out" takes the popular but mistaken view of the effects of such great improvements as the erection of the new Law Courts. No worse dens exist in London than Newcastle Court, and no greater abominations than Clare Hall Market. Nor do we believe that "the rich hath many friends, but the poor is hated even of his neighbour." It has been truly said, that if you were to set up tubs all along the Strand, they would soon find occupants who would claim vested interests therein. Some amount of coercion must be used to force the degraded poor into better habits. There has been delay enough in providing Justice a palace. Let us not pause any longer in the name of a false philanthropy.

The *Argosy* has a pretty little London idyll, called "Artist and Model," by Robert Buchanan. There is rather a sameness in the other articles, except, of course, in the continuation of "Griffith Gaunt," by Charles Reade. But it is too early as yet to pronounce an opinion on the merits of this new monthly.

Poems by Thomas Chatterton; with a Memoir by F. Martin. Illustrated. (Griffin & Co.)—The verses Chatterton condescended to give out as really his own have no particular merit; but when got up and illustrated in their present form would alone make a nice present. Some are now printed for the first time; but the great charm of this edition is the story of his life. It is not likely that future researches will ever add much to a narrative abruptly closed by suicide at seventeen; and we may accept this as the standard memoir of—

The marvellous boy who perished in his pride. Mr. Martin is, perhaps, rather too severe. He deals with Chatterton's shortcomings as if they were those of a grown man; and though he does not conceal, still he does not sufficiently praise his unselfish disposition, and his great anxiety to conceal his struggles from the knowledge of his relations.

Passages from the Poets, Chronologically Arranged. By the Rev. Dr. Giles. (Published, for C. H. Law, by Messrs. Terry, Stoneman, & Co.)—These selections commence with a passage from John Barbour (1316?—1396) on "Freedom" and conclude with one from John Askham, a contemporary. The alphabetical table of contents is equally so one of poets, and is very useful on that score alone. Every one has his own opinion of these compilations, so perhaps it will be fairest to let Dr. Giles speak for himself. "The order of the poets is according to the years of their birth; but in the last few pages of the volume the attempt to be accurate has failed. . . . In conclusion, some critics will no doubt say that this book is superfluous, for that there are already enough selections from the English poets without making new ones. I reply that if the volumes previously published have been enough for the critics, they have not been enough for me. None of them has presented to my mind as an epic study that great phalanx of makers, which forms such a feature in our literature, and it remains for the public to judge the value of a book which has cost me more labour than if I had written the same number of pages out of my own head."

Beauties of Tropical Scenery: Lyrical Sketches and Love-Songs. With Notes Illustrative and Historical; to which are added Lays nearer Home. By R. N. Dunbar. Third Edition, with additions. (Hardwicke.)—Mr. Dunbar is an old friend, and we have often shaken hands with him before. He never comes without some fresh present, and is specially welcome at this season. His spirited song on Garibaldi is bound up with this handsome little volume. Song and sculpture are the principal subjects of the additional poems. Those who have been charmed with his two former editions will detect no falling off in the present one.

Parable; or, Divine Poesy. Illustrations in Theology and Morals: Selected from Great Divines and Systematically Arranged. By R. A. Bertram. (Pitman.)—*Bible Photographs.* By the Author of "Our Eternal Homes." (Pitman.)—*Diamond Dust.* By Eliza Cook. (Pitman.)—The first two of these books consist entirely of extracts. In the larger they are taken from theologians, in the latter and smaller from the Scriptures. The passages are classed under certain heads. In the first the arrangement is alphabetical, and it will be found a very useful encyclopedia for those who compose sermons either for themselves or for others. The last is a series of religious maxims, and would make a very pretty little present; but on these sort of didactic epigrams we have expressed our opinion before.

The Life of Saint Teresa. Edited by Archbishop Manning. (London.)—This is a very remarkable book in more senses than one, and suggests some curious and interesting problems in psychology and demonology, in the regions of mind and matter, the investigation of which would demand far more space than we can afford. In fact, the life of St. Theresa, according to her biographer, was altogether a supernatural life, such as became one who had received a mortal wound, which, according to all physical laws, must have terminated her existence twenty-three years before her actual death in 1582. This was the piercing of her heart, through and through, several times, with a long golden dart, tipped with fire; and that not by him of whose fiery darts the apostles had warned the faithful to beware, but by one of the angelic seraphims from before the throne of God. This miracle we are not permitted to understand in any hyperphysical sense, as we may the many visions with which she was favoured (p. 47); for not only did the angel appear "in a corporeal form," but evidently used a material lance, for "the reality of this marvellous infliction was attested after the death of the saint by various credible witnesses, who declared that the lance had not only wounded the heart, but actually pierced it through and through, and that the edges of the wound bore the marks of having been burnt." And this evidence of eye-witnesses was further attested in 1726 by "the declaration upon oath of two physicians and a surgeon, that the heart of the saint remained up to that time incorrupt, and bore the marks of a wound, produced by some sharp instrument piercing it through from side to side, the edges also indicating the effects of fire" (p. 56). From this time, then, the life of this "Seraphic Virgin" was "a physical miracle," in comparison with which all her other miracles, even the restoring her nephew to life (p. 106), sink into insignificance. It is a satisfaction to find

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that modern hagiology has lost none of the charms which the old legends derived from their possession of supernatural elements.

Nouveaux Essais de Critique et d'Histoire. Par H. Taine. (Hachette: Paris and London.)—M. Taine is at home in most of the subjects treated of in this little volume. Marcus Aurelius has attracted a good deal of attention lately, owing to the excellent translation of Mr. Long. Perhaps this is also due to a more profound reason; the singular resemblance which is becoming every day more apparent between the Europe of our day, and the Europe of the three and four first centuries of our era. It is not likely such a man as the philosophic Emperor would escape the notice of M. Taine. From the highest religion of the West he passes to the highest religion of the East. A German, M. Kœppen, has issued an epitome of five or six hundred monographs and five or six thousand special dissertations which he has accumulated during twenty years on the subject of Buddhism. To toil through all these in their original German is not to be expected of many Frenchmen, and M. Taine has kindly endeavoured to extract the essence from them, with this timely assistance of the author, and place the result before his countrymen in a form they can appreciate. Many English readers will be equally grateful to M. Taine. Buddhism is a most interesting subject, and as we shall soon be connected by railways with India and China, as we are now by telegraphs, it is as well for every one to have some prior acquaintance with a religion which numbers more votaries, and is 500 years older than Christianity itself. No better introduction can be found than that provided by M. Taine. The essays on Balzac, Racine, La Bruyère, and other subjects, seem all well done. We can only wonder that so much good matter, so well got up, can be issued at so low a price.

Mémoires d'un Caniche. Par Mlle. Julie Gouraud. Illustrés de 75 Vignettes, par Bayard. (Hachette et Co.)—Believers in the doctrine of transmigration might safely aver that the soul of Mlle. Julie Gouraud once inhabited the body of a poodle, so thoroughly does she give expression to what that polite and intelligent dog seems always ready to say for himself. We think the clever writer is not quite guiltless of satirical intentions. César is a quadruped quite conscious of the important place he fills in the world's eye. On first beholding his form in a looking-glass, he says: "My mother had told me I was handsome, but I confess to you that I found myself far above all her praises." After pulling his friend little Henrietta out of the pond, he does not fail to repeat all the praises lavished upon him, nor to tell with what an air of busy consequence he trotted about the grounds and the house during the bustle of conveying the rescued child to bed. Again, while frisking about the woods during a *promenade*, he has "the happiness to see young partridges fly close to him, without fear of being fascinated by his gaze." Is not Miss Gouraud having a sly hit at some of us bipeds? The book abounds in funny little remarks that excite a smile by their quaintness, and justify the reputation which poodles have long enjoyed of being the most sagacious of dogs. The stories of other dogs introduced rather spoil than improve the book, for this dog César is a character that should stand alone—tender-hearted, well-mannered, bustling sometimes, sedate on the coach-box, not often snappish, and always keenly conscious of his own merits and importance. He is, moreover, thoroughly French, and as distinct as possible from Mustard, Pepper, Rab, and other canine celebrities of this country. M. Bayard's illustrations are capital, and are very well printed. It is strange that a book so clever and original as this could not be published in London for less than thrice the price demanded for the volume before us.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

ARATI (Francesco). See Saw: a Novel. Edited by W. Winwood Reade. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. *Moxon*. 21s.
 ARNOLD (T. S.). Life's Crosses, and How to Meet Them. Fesp. 8vo, pp. 224. *Nimmo*. 2s.
 ARNOLD (Thomas). The Frog's Parish Clerk; and his Adventures in Strange Lands. A Tale for Young Folk. With 18 Engravings. Post 8vo, pp. 104. *Low*. 5s.
 BEATON (Thomas). Pen and Pencil Sketches in Italy. By the Author of "A Voyage on Zigezag." 8vo, pp. viii.—278. *Longmans*. 10s.
 BEATON'S Riddle Book. A Collection of Upwards of 500 Charades, Enigmas, Rebuses, Scenes, Conundrums, Puzzles, &c. Illustrated. 12mo, bds., pp. vii.—162. *Beeton*. 1s.
 BICKERSTETH. Echoes of Apostolic Teaching: Selections from the Family Expositions of the late Rev. Edward Bickersteth.

Edited by a Daughter. With Preface by the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, M.A. Fesp. 8vo, pp. viii.—418. *J. F. Shaw*. 5s.
 BICKERSTETH'S Plain Sunday Readings for Farm Boys. Founded on the Catechism. With Preparatory Notice by the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth. New Edition. 18mo, pp. x.—188. *Nisbet*. 1s. 6d.
 BLAIR (Mrs. Ferguson). The Henwife: Her Own Experience in Her Own Poultry-yard. With Illustrations. 5th Edition. Fesp. 8vo, pp. 216. *Inglis & Jack* (Edinburgh). 4s. 6d.; Coloured, 7s. 6d.
 BLADE (The) and the Ear: A Book for Young Men. Fesp. 8vo, pp. 224. *Nimmo*. 2s.
 BOYS' OWN Treasury (The Illustrated) of Science, Drawing, Painting, &c., &c. Outdoor Sports and Indoor Pastimes Forming a Complete Repository of Home Amusements and Healthful Recreations. With 500 Engravings. 3rd Edition. Sm. cr. 8vo, pp. xii.—446. *Ward & Lock*. 6s.
 BRAITHWAITE'S Retrospect of Medicine; being a Half-Yearly Journal, containing a Retrospective View of every Discovery and Practical Improvement in the Medical Sciences. Edited by W. Braithwaite, M.D., and James Braithwaite, M.D. Vol. 52. July—December, 1865. Post 8vo, pp. xxxii.—415. *Simpkin*. 6s.
 BRIGHT (William, M.A.). Hymns, and other Poems. Fesp. 8vo, pp. vii.—183. *Rivingtons*. 4s. 6d.
 BROWNING (Elizabeth Barrett), Selection from the Poetry of. With Portrait. Post 8vo, pp. ix.—319. *Chapman & Hall*. 10s. 6d.
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 BUXTON (Charles, M.A., M.P.). Ideas of the Day on Policy. 8vo, pp. vi.—111. *Murray*. 6s.
 BYRON (Lord). Prisoner of Chillon. A Poem. Illuminated by W. and G. Audsley. Imp. 8vo. *Day & Son*. 21s.
 CARPENTER (J. E.). New Military Song Book. 24mo. *Warne*. 1s.
 ———. Naval Song Book. 24mo, bds., pp. xii.—276. *Warne*. 1s.
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30 DECEMBER, 1865.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.*

"THE life of a Sidney would have been a finer subject for the panegyric of a Pliny than the biography of a Plutarch;" and there is so much which contributes to shed a halo of melancholy splendour upon the career of this Elizabethan paragon, that the skill of an artist who can dispense with a background is wanted to draw him in a proper light. A brave soldier, a consummate courtier, equally able to fascinate maids of honour and to win the admiration of diplomatists, not less wise in council than rich in imagination, a graceful poet and a skilful ambassador—he united in one person great variety of gifts. The same power which enabled him to charm the ears of ladies with his graceful sonnets attracted to him the attention and the awe of foreign nations and potentates. His eyes languished in love, and kindled in war; and yet with this versatility of talents he preserved his principles intact. To deny that he lacked weaknesses or faults, as some have done, would be to arrogate for him a higher lot than human. Placed in the midst of allurements and temptations of every kind, the victim of an almost overwhelming popularity, it is not too much to say that his purity is at least matter for surprise. And when to all this we add the irresistible charm which a premature and gallant death upon the battle-field of Zutphen cannot but impart, it would be difficult to contemplate the man without the wish to dwell rather upon his virtues than to detect his faults. So his name has been beset by extravagant eulogy. Only one exception is to be found, and that of such a character that the one dissentient voice has had the effect of intensifying a chorus of laudation. Lord Oxford, who sought celebrity through singularity, who was led by jealousy to abuse those whom he vain would emulate, has alone ventured to raise his protest against Sir Philip Sidney. There are some whose virtues and glories are not discovered to their contemporaries; like mosaics, they must be viewed at a distance, and they are never seen to their best advantage till gazed at by posterity through the intervening medium of years. Such has not been Sidney's fate. His tutor could think of no more honourable epitaph than that which proclaimed to the world the relation in which he had stood to his pupil; and Lord Brooke deemed the fact that he was the friend of Sir Philip Sidney not less worthy of inscription on his tombstone than that he was the servant of Elizabeth and the counsellor of James.

The boyhood of Sidney, as of Gray, seems to have been characterized by an almost melancholy reserve. While finding his delight in poetic contemplation, he was imbued with a passion for military fame. Nor is this wonderful. There still lingered about the age in which he lived the lustre of the departing glories of chivalry. Its grossness was toned down, and its poetry remained. A continental tour, following a career at Christ Church, whither he had been sent "to be improved in all sorts of learning," remarkable for more than one event, completed Sidney's education. Thus he formed the acquaintance of Hubert Languet, which rapidly ripened

into a more than ordinary friendship; or, in his own words:—

The song I sang old *Languet* had me taught;
Languet, the shepherd best swift Toter knew;
 For clearly read, and hating what is naught,
 For faithful heart, clean hands, and mark as true,
 With his sweet skill my skilless youth he drew
 To have a feeling task of him that sits
 Beyond the heaven; far more beyond your wits.

Vienna, Venice, and Padua were all visited, and each in turn became the seat of Sidney's study. More than once did Languet tremble lest the corrupting influences of Italian society should violate the purity of his youthful pupil's manners, which were now "whiter than snow." But Philip passed through the ordeal untouched, and returned to England the most accomplished gentleman of his day. He stayed sufficiently long at home to establish himself as one of the favourites of Queen Elizabeth, who delighted to call him "her Philip," and by whom he was soon appointed ambassador at the Court of Vienna. After a few years of successful diplomacy, and a gay Court life, we find him at Wilton, the seat of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Pembroke, engaged in the composition of his "Defence of Poesy," and projecting the scheme of his "Arcadia." But Sidney's mind was typical of that class which, while always anxious for it, ever grows restless in repose. He constantly expresses himself "desirous to fly from the light of his Court, and to betake himself to the privacy of secluded places to escape the tempest of affairs;" and yet is ever eager for action. The truth is that excitement was essential to his existence; and neither the round of Court offices, which after a time became irksome; neither the political occupation of a member of Parliament, which he subsequently tried; nor the unvaried retirement of the poetic or philosophic recluse, suited him so well as the shifting scenes of the soldier's career, interspersed by occasional brief periods of solitude. Like the Athenian people, who required to be constantly stimulated by action, and sometimes to be lulled into tranquillity, Sidney was only happy when his hours were divided between the various labours of the camp and the quiet necessary for the exercise of his thoughts or of his pen. He was, indeed, a thorough representative of his times, and united in himself all their tendencies.

There is something singularly attractive about the "Defence of Poesy." In it, as in everything which Sidney said or did, may be traced the hand of the enthusiast. He loves to espouse on every occasion the weaker, if not the better side; and the low reputation into which poetry had fallen imparts zeal and fire to his defence. But his imagination does not interfere with a strictly logical arrangement, and his reasoning is close and contracted throughout. The advantages which the poet enjoys in the enforcement of high and noble lessons, far superior to those which fall to the lot of the historian and philosopher, are set forth in glowing terms; and thus the dignity and splendour of the poet's function are at once vindicated; "and so a conclusion not unfitly ensues, that as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make an end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent

workman." The whole treatise is a happy combination of heart and head, and may be rightly said to have been a labour of love. But criticism, as well as enthusiasm, is there; and acute and pungent remarks abound. The author's verdict on the state of contemporary poetry is as interesting as it is just. With the exception of Chaucer and the Earl of Surrey, he "remembers to have seen few (to speak boldly) that have poetical sinews in them."

There are two points, and two only, in which Sir Philip Sidney resembles Byron—first, he was a diligent advocate of the dramatic unities; and secondly, he found his pleasure in the camp as well as in song. But Byron never permitted his principles to interfere with his practice; while the mental rules which Sidney established regulated all he performed in action or in song. His prose style is not free from fault, but when compared with the "Euphuës" of Lilly—which up to this time had been the recognized model both in conversation and literature—the advance now visible is marvellous. If he may well be called in parts "a sweet warbler of poetic prose," there are many occasions in which his melody is apt to degenerate into unmeaning jingle, and, as has been the case with not a few authors both before and after him, he is at such times the victim of mere sound.

In the poetical achievements of the author of the "Defence of Song," our expectations may very possibly be disappointed. His best known poems are to be seen in the collection of songs and sonnets entitled "Astrophel and Stella," and they hint to us the fact that our chivalrous knight, though *sans peur*, may not altogether have been *sans reproche*. Lady Rich, at the time of his own marriage to Frances Walsingham, was Penelope Devereux, and, though she did not possess his hand, seems under the name of Stella to have retained his heart. Sir Philip, indeed, declares that "he never loved but her," and in the course of 108 sonnets and eleven songs loses no opportunity of enlarging upon his passion. What Lady Sidney's views were on these productions we do not know: possibly the constantly repeated assertion of her husband that the object of his praises was "most beautiful and virtuous, being rich in piety and all other gifts and graces"—may have imparted to these impassioned effusions the character rather of an offering of respect than a tribute of love. And yet such lines as the following seem hardly calculated to promote conjugal confidence or felicity:—

Stella, think not that I by verse seek fame—
 Who seek, who hope, who live but thee:
 Thine eyes my pride, thy lips my history;
 If those praise not, all other praise is blame.

It was, however, the tendency of Sidney's mind to identify, as far as possible, beauty with virtue—as plainly visible in his prose and poetry as in the "Platonic Dialogues"—and we may reasonably and charitably suppose that an ardent and imaginative mind would avail itself of many expressions which might seem to convey other sentiments than those of mere admiration. While there are many of these sonnets which are far too artificial, and evidently only elaborated with much toil, there are also many which, from being auto-biographical, cannot fail to be attractive. Each external object in nature seems to suggest to him some corresponding state

* The "Arcadia."

of his own mind; and, according to his mood, he could detect in all around him traces of gladness or grief. Lunacy, in a restricted sense, might be predicated of our sonneteer:—

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!

How silently—and with how wan a face!—
What! may it be—that even in heavenly place,
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.

There is a strange mixture in these poems of impulse and conventionalism: in the former we may see their author as, of his own nature, he is; in the latter we may witness the influence exercised upon him by a study of Italian models.

In the "Arcadia" we have a singular sweetness and felicity of diction. When we take it up we seem to have retired, as it were, from the glare of the sun into some dense and cooling forest; but between the branches of the overarching trees the sunshine still streams in; and thus, though Sir Philip Sidney takes us back into the simplicity of a remote age, the glare and glitter of the world still occasionally dazzle us. If we read of the quietude of the country, of still waters, and soothing breezes, there suddenly flashes before us some bright tournament or joust. The hero of chivalry and the country swain are very near together. All the characters are noble and good; in none is there anything ordinary, anything mean. Imagination thus becomes the handmaid of virtue. Its glades are somewhat like those of Versailles. The very grandeur of the avenues indicates the neighbourhood of the palace of a Great King. We catch the sound of rushing waters, but is it not the falling melody of the *Grandes Eaux*? If in his verses affectation and conceit are sometimes to be found, there was at least nothing of the kind in his actual life. Above all things he was natural. He did nothing for effect, whether in the drawing-room or the battle-field. He is consistent throughout. It was quite in the spirit of Roderick Dhu, alone with his enemy by Koilantogle Ford, that he cast off his greaves, as he rode into the battle; he would have no advantage over the marshal of the camp.

There are three cups of water which will be famous to all time. One was poured out on the Asiatic sands, and one is, we trust, never wanting somewhere; the third has washed out many of the stains of chivalry, and is dearer to Englishmen than all the streams that ever slipped away from the hills of Arcadia.

MISCELLANEA.

WE have to announce the death of Professor Forchhammer, the eminent geologist and Secretary of the Copenhagen Academy of Science, to which office he succeeded in 1851, on the death of Oersted. He was born at Husum, in Schleswig, in 1794, and in 1818 he became Oersted's secretary, and accompanied him on a mineralogical expedition to the island of Bornholm. He subsequently made several journeys in Great Britain, France, and Denmark, at the expense of the Danish Government. In 1825 he was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences at Copenhagen, and ten years later he was chosen Professor of Mineralogy at the University of that place. He was the author of several works on geology and chemistry, and he also contributed many papers on these subjects to the Academy. It is to be regretted that these memoirs, being published in Danish, a language not generally

understood, are to some extent inaccessible to scientific men. Professor Forchhammer has studied with great care the physical effects of ice in producing geologic changes, and also the composition of sea water at different parts of the earth's surface. We gave an account of Professor Forchhammer's last paper on the latter subject about a year ago.

WE are happy to announce that Dr. Emile de Borchgrave, of whose work, "Histoire des Colonies Belges, qui s'établirent en Allemagne pendant le Douzième et le Treizième Siècle," we spoke favourably a short time ago, intends to pursue this interesting inquiry still further. He has lately visited Hungary and Transylvania, and proposes now to write a history of the colonies established by Belgians in those countries, including Bohemia and Moravia. For such a history there are numerous curious materials, especially in the customs and other peculiarities of the living descendants of the old Flemings. But, above all, this author's ultimate design is to follow the many emigrations of his countrymen during the Middle Ages to the British Islands, and thus to fill up a great *lacuna* in the works of our own historians; and, at the same time, to lend his aid, in the right direction, further to bring back history to sound principles, by basing it upon race as its leading element.

MR. S. C. HALL was the lecturer at the last free lecture of the season at the Crystal Palace, on the 21st inst. He chose for his subject "Memoirs of the Authors of the Age," in which he recounted his personal reminiscences of some of our most distinguished writers who have passed from us. Very characteristic was an anecdote of the Ettrick Shepherd. He had been invited to dine at Mr. Hall's. Amongst the company was Miss Landon, then in the full zenith of her popularity. Hogg, whose criticisms upon the poetical effusions of L. E. L. had been somewhat severe, greeted the lady with "I did not know ye were so bonny; I've said many hard things about ye, but I did not know ye were so bonny." It is clear that the "Shepherd" would not have said these "hard things" about the lady's poetry had he known the pretty woman who wrote it. But what would he have done with "Our Village," if personal beauty was so essentially a part of his canon of criticism? Miss Mary Russell Mitford, whom L. E. L. declared to be the ideal of Sancho Panza in petticoats, was one of the kindest of women, but her dumpy figure often raised a laugh against her. On one occasion she had come to dine with the Halls, when her host found she was, in some way or other, the subject of some suppressed merriment. Her dress, never very well assorted, was set off on the occasion by a yellow turban, more striking than becoming. Her host considerably tried to discover the cause of this merriment, nor was he long in doing so. On the back of the head-dress was a shop-ticket, "Very Chaste," 5s. 6d. The turban had been purchased on her way, ere she joined the party invited to meet her. Mr. Hall quietly removed the ticket without Miss Mitford being aware of its existence.

THE Moorgate Station of the Metropolitan (underground) Railway was thrown open on Saturday last. The old Farringdon Street Station has been partially closed; the only trains running from the old terminus being those of the Great Western and Great Northern Railways, and the new Farringdon Street Station being that of the direct line.

ST. MARTIN'S WORKHOUSE and Archbishop Tenison's Library and Schools have been purchased for the enlargement of the National Gallery, for the sum of 86,000*l.* It would be desirable to remove the barracks at the same time, and then the whole space would be available for a grand national building.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT announce for appearance in January "A Noble Life," by the author of "John Halifax," in two vols.; the third and fourth volumes of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley's "Life and Recollections," completing the work; "The Life and Letters of Lady Arabella Stuart," including numerous original and unpublished documents, by Elizabeth Cooper, in two vols.; and "Falkner Lyle," a new novel, by Mr. Mark Lemon.

PROFESSOR FERGUSSON, F.R.S., has just been created a baronet by Her Majesty. He has held the Chair of Surgery in King's College since 1840, became surgeon in ordinary to the Prince Consort in 1849, surgeon extraordinary to the Queen in 1855, and a member of the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1861.

A PORTRAIT, said to be that of Shakespeare by a contemporary painter, is now in the possession of Dr. Clay, of Manchester. The painting,

which is twenty-four inches by twenty, has, it appears, been in the possession of one family for upwards of one hundred years. The face is thoughtful and slightly touched with melancholy, the eyes being remarkably expressive and pleasing.

SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE, President of the Royal Academy, died at Pisa on the 23rd inst.

DR. BEKE and his party arrived at Suez on the 8th instant. Since Mr. Rassam's departure from Massowah, on the 15th of October, with forty loaded camels, nothing had been heard of him; and there was no news from Consul Cameron and his companions in captivity.

"LETTRES D'UN MORT" will be the title of M. Emile de Girardin's series of letters on the French Government and political parties, which is about to appear in the *Presse*.

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. George Roberts, secretary to the Geological Society, at the early age of thirty-four, at his mother's residence in Kidderminster. Mr. Roberts contributed many valuable papers to our pages, not only connected with his favourite pursuit, but no less of general literary interest. Indeed, Mr. Roberts was a most thoughtful and careful writer, and geology and the kindred sciences have lost one of their most persevering votaries by his early death. His principal work, "The Rocks of Worcestershire," is well appreciated in this country and abroad.

DUBLIN owes a new "Literary Club," on the model of the old Johnsonian one of the same name, to the fostering care of Archbishop Trench, which already numbers amongst its members Lords Rosse, Dufferin, Talbot de Malahide, and Wodehouse; the Bishop of Killaloe, Archdeacon Lee, the Rev. Dr. Todd, Sir Thomas Larcom, Sir Bernard Burke, Judge Keogh, Mr. Whiteside, and others.

MR. GRAVES, of Pall Mall, is trying to obtain an Act of Parliament with the view of assimilating the English law to that of France for the protection of the copyright in prints and engravings.

THE railway cutting now in the course of formation through the old Roman and British earthworks at Malton has brought to light many Roman and British relics, of which, we believe, a full and interesting account is about to be published. Coins of various periods have been turned up, including one of Constantine, and another of his mother, Helena. There is also a considerable quantity of pottery, but none with a potter's name.

THOSE who take an interest in the fate of the aborigines will learn with regret, says the *Ballarat Star*, that the remnant of the Mount Emu and Ballarat tribes now numbers not more than about twenty-nine couples. Mr. Andrew Porteous, of Carngham, who has for some years past been their protector and correspondent with the central board at Melbourne, states that twenty years ago there were above 100 natives in the Mount Emu tribe alone. At present the poor creatures are out on the stations in the western district, assisting in the shearing, &c., and they could get along very well but for the seductive influences of drink.

MR. WILLIAM LONGMAN has inaugurated a movement for the erection of a memorial to Cowper, the poet, at Great Berkhamstead, Herts. Mr. Longman is treasurer to the fund.

HER MAJESTY has been pleased to advance Sir Roderick Murchison to the dignity of a baronet, "in recognition of distinguished merits and attainments."

THE business of the late G. Cauciani, the eminent bookseller of Venice, along with the valuable stock, has been purchased by Mr. F.A. Brockhaus, of Leipzig, and upwards of 350 large packing cases are already on their way to Germany. The stock of old books was one of the most celebrated in Europe, as being rich in old theology, fathers of the Church, councils, &c., in *éditiones principes* of the classics and early typography, Aldines, Elzevirs, &c., and in history, topography, and antiquities.

MR. COUNCILLOR WINSHIP has presented to the Municipal Corporation of Hull a marble statue of Andrew Marvel, to be placed in the New Town Hall. The work has been entrusted to Mr. Wm. Day Keyworth, jun., of London.

AN anecdote is told of a member of Parliament who had to beg pardon of the House on his knees, some fifty years ago, for appearing in hunting costume, with white buckskin unmentionables. Having repeated the words, asking pardon, he rose from his knees, and knocking the dust off his buckskins with his hands, he is said to have added, "What a d—d dirty house." Something akin to this has just taken

place in Paris. The Emperor Napoleon having refused his sanction to the performance of "Malheur aux Vaincus," the last play of M. Th. Barrière, the celebrated vaudevillist revenged himself by the following letter, which he addressed to the *Presse*: "I had written a play entitled 'Malheur aux Vaincus.' The subjects of which it treated were fidelity, virtue, and honour. But the theatre is only permitted to represent realities; my piece has therefore been forbidden, and I have the honour to inform you of this.—TH. B."

THE first number of a new halfpenny magazine, to be continued monthly, has made its appearance under the title of *Father William's Stories*. It is of Sabbatarian and evangelical tendencies. Another halfpenny magazine also starts on the 1st of January, under the auspices of the Sunday-school Union, with the title of *Kind Words for Boys and Girls*. Both are illustrated with woodcuts.

A PENSION of 200*l.* per annum is, on the recommendation of Earl Russell, to be granted to the widow and daughter of the late Sir William Rowan Hamilton, Astronomer Royal of Ireland.

ON the 16th Vesuvius was powdered over with snow, and the mountains all round the bay are still thickly covered—a remarkable phenomenon, indicating a severe winter. We commend this fact to those who assert the present climate of Italy to be much milder than it was 2,000 years ago.

THE 800th anniversary of the dedication of Westminster Abbey was celebrated on Thursday last with full choral service. Dean Stanley preached the sermon from John x. 22 and 23, "And it was at Jerusalem the feast of the dedication, and it was winter. And Jesus walked in the temple in Solomon's porch." The Dean, in the course of the sermon, gave a succinct history of the Abbey.

THE Royal Academicians have intimated their desire to Lady Eastlake that the remains of their late President should be buried in one of our public mausoleums, with all the honours due to his position.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN and Co. are about to publish Mr. Baker's interesting narrative of his recent African explorations in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyanza.

THE Religious Tract Society publish "Lyra Americana: Hymns of Praise and Faith, from American Poets," a volume which will be acceptable to many, some of the hymns being equal to the best specimens of sacred poetry in the language.

THE Lancashire dialect is gradually obtaining a literature of its own. Messrs. Heywood and Son, of Manchester, issue two little brochures, "Uncle Owdem's Tales," and "Poems, Suitable for Recitation," by the author of "Uncle Owdem," both in the Lancashire dialect. From an ode to the New Year we give a specimen:—

May o' on yo' wi good health bi blest,
May o' on yo' live till yo're owd,
An' to th' day when yo're laid down to rest,
May yo' never know hunger nor cowl.
May plenty bi fund i' oych whoam,
Whatever may come or may go;
An' may the new year 'at's just come
Turn eawt a good friend to yo' o'.

THERE has recently turned up in New York a portrait of Washington, very delicately painted on enamel, and signed on the back W. Birch, 1797. Birch was an Englishman, born at Warwick, who went to America in 1794, and settled in Philadelphia, where he painted miniatures in enamel. Dunlap, in his "Arts of Design in America," speaks of seeing a miniature in enamel of Washington, by Birch, and thinks that it was copied from one by Nott. There is the drooping of the eyelid, observable in other portraits of Washington, which, it is said, was the result of a blow received from an Indian arrow. The miniature is to be engraved for private distribution.

THE *Morgenblatt für Gebildete Leser*, No. 51, continues Shakespeare's Insight into Nature; the *Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung*, No. 50, concludes Henry Thomas Buckle, and gives Zur Dante, Literatur; the *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes*, No. 51, has Voltaire's Letters to the Markgräfin von Baireuth, Genelli's Outlines to Dante, the Natural History of the Sea, and Analecta Japonica, V. Aska-yama; the *Europa*, No. 51, Queen Victoria and her Drawing-rooms, and Shakespeare in France; the *Ausland*, No. 50, Poetry and Architecture of the Moors, Wanderings amongst the Ruins of Cambodia, and Legge's Chinese Classics; and the *Göttingische Gelehrten Anzeigen*, No. 46, Wood's History of the Discovery and Explorations of Australia.

ETYMOLOGY AND SCIENCE.

WEDGWOOD'S ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY.

A Dictionary of English Etymology. By Hensleigh Wedgwood, M.A. Vol. III., Part I. Q.—Sy. (Trübner & Co.)

AFTER three years' waiting, we welcome heartily the appearance of the fresh instalment of Mr. Wedgwood's great work. In the interval, its reputation has been growing, and we have been pleased from time to time to find its merits publicly acknowledged by German scholars and American students and reviewers, though the recognition of its value by the English public hangs somewhat back. For the words that it treats, Mr. Wedgwood's book is not merely the best, it is the only Etymological Dictionary worthy of the name. The author has undoubtedly limited the usefulness and circulation of his book by his generous resolve to say nothing about a word unless he has something of his own to tell his readers about it. He has not been content merely to borrow other men's work, as in many classical and all Sanskrit derivations he might well have done, but has determined that each of his articles should bear the impress of his own mind. This gives a very great interest to the words he does treat, and in no other work that we know is there anything like the same wealth of illustration from the Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Romance languages. Another great merit of Mr. Wedgwood's is his resolve to get to the bottom of every word he treats, to find the physical act from which the metaphorical sense is taken. We open the book at random, and see *Reck*, *reckless*: these will serve as an instance as well as any other:—

To *Reck*, *Reckless*. AS. *reccan*, *reccan*, pr. *rohte*, Pl. D. *rochen*, Du. *roecken*, *rochten*, OHG. *rohjan*, *ruachen*, OSax. *rokean*, *ruokean*, to *reck*, regard, care, care for; Pl. D. *rökeloos*, Du. *reukelos*, G. *ruchlos*, *reckless*. ON. *rakja*, to care, to take care of; *aförkjaz*, to neglect; *rakja veidifang*, to attend to fishing; *rakjandi*, qui curam gerit, curator. *Hvat rakir thik?* *cujus rei rationem habes?* *quid curæ tibi est?* OHG. *ruahha*, *rôka*, care. Lith. *rupėti*, to concern. *Kas tai tau rūp?* what does that concern you? *Rupus*, careful; *rupinti*, to take care of; *nerupus*, reckless, careless.

With regard to the origin we can only suggest with great reserve Du. *raaken*, to touch, to hit, thence to concern, to regard. *Dingen die my raaken*, things which concern me. *Hy wierd door haar elende geraakt*, he was touched by her misery. *Wat raakt u dat?* what does that concern you, what is that to you? Compare Sc. *Quhat raik?* what does it signify, what do I care?

Flattry. I will ga counterfeite the freir, *Dissail*. A freir! quhair to? thou cannot preiche—

Flattry. *Quhat rak?* bot I can flatter and fleiche. —Lyndsay in Jam.

On the other hand, Lith. *rokundas*, reckoning, is also used in the sense of affair, concern. *Tai mano rokundas*, that is my business. ON. *rök*, events, things; OHG. *racha*, *rahha*, thing, cause; Pol. *rzecz*, speech, subject, fact, affair, thing. See *Reckon*.

Again, take another instance where the author's knowledge of early English has stood him in good stead—the word *stickler*, for which no satisfactory etymology has before been given:—

Stickler, to *Stickle*. *Sticklers* were person appointed on behalf of each of the parties in a combat to see that their party had fair play, and to part the combatants when occasion required. Hence to *stickle for*, to maintain one's rights to a thing. "I styckyll between wrastlers or any folkes that prove mastries to se that none do other wronge, or I part folke that be redy to fight: ja me mets entre deux."—Palsgr. "Advanced in court, to try his fortune with your prizer, so he have fair play shown him, and the liberty to chuse his *stickler*."—B. Jon., Cinthia's Revels.

The proper reading of the word should be *stightlers*, as signifying those who have the arrangement or disposition of the field, from

AS. *stihtian*, OE. *stittle* to govern or dispose. "Thas the Willelm weolde and *stithe* Englelond:" from the time that W. wielded and ruled E.

Thaze he be a sturn knape
To stistel and stad with stave,
Full well con dryztyn schape

His servaunte for to save.

—"Sir Gawaine and the Green Knight," 2, 136.

When Gawaine goes to keep his appointment with the Green Knight in the chapel of the wood, he asks, *Who stittles here?* who rules, who is the master here?

If we leven the layk of owre layth synnes,
And stytle steppen in the styte he *stytles* hym selven,
He will wende of his wodschip and his wrath leve:

if we step in the path he himself appoints.—Morris, Alliterative Poems.

In accordance with the above, the word is written *stiteler* in the Coventry Mysteries, p. 23.

"This is the watyre abowte the place, if any dyche may be made, ther it schal be played: or ellys that it be strongly barryd al abowte, and lete nowth over many *stitelerys* be withinne the place."

Under *seldom* (AS. *seldan*), the ordinary grammarian's origin of the final *om* (that it is a dative plural, as in *whilom*) is corrected, and the termination given to *done*, so that ON. *sjaldan* is, perhaps, *sjalfdan*, of its own nature, singular, rare. We cannot pretend at this period of the year, with the coming Christmas pressure already on our columns, to give a thorough review of the book, but from many years' use of the former volumes, and a careful reading of the present part, we can certify the book to be the most suggestive and valuable work on English etymology that the student and scholar can have.

AUSTRALIA AND ITS CLIMATE.

Australia for the Consumptive Invalid: the Voyage, Climate, and Prospects for Residence By Isaac Baker Brown, jun. (Robert Hardwicke.)

Australia: a Popular Account of its Physical Features, Inhabitants, Natural History, and Productions. (Published under the Direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)

A VOYAGE round the world in 1865 is a very different undertaking to what it was in the days of Dampier, Anson, Byron, and Cook. It may now be accomplished not only with as little danger as crossing the Channel, but with positive ease and luxury; so that a long sea voyage, especially that to the antipodes, is often recommended to the invalid as the best means of recruiting health and strength. Thousands of people have been to Australia, and many more have relatives and friends there, and yet an incredible degree of ignorance still exists amongst well-educated people in this country concerning that vast continent, of which the following extract from Mr. Brown's book is a fair example:—

Even now people going to Melbourne are offered letters of introduction to Queensland, and the war in New Zealand is an excuse for not going to South Australia. I have heard the most ridiculous errors made by really well-educated people, and have been frequently asked if I knew a Mr. So-and-so in Australia; when I have asked, "Whereabouts in Australia?" the answer has generally been, "Oh, I really don't know—somewhere in Australia, I thought you would have been sure to know him."

I am here tempted to insert a little anecdote which I know to be authentic, as it serves both to show the ignorance and what Thackeray called the "snobbishness" of London society. A lady entitled to prefix "Lady" to her surname, whose son had resided many years in New South Wales, was asked by a friend at an evening party in a fashionable house whether she had heard lately from Australia. "Hush! for goodness sake call it India, or you'll ruin me," was Lady's pathetic answer.

Very few people realise the immense extent of the Australian continent, and the consequent variety of climate in the different colonies; the tropical heat and vegetation of Port Dennison and Rockhampton, passing through various degrees of heat and drought

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in New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, until we have the delightful temperate summers and mild winters of Tasmania, with its snow-capped mountains and warm, sheltered valleys verdant with fruit gardens, hop plantations, and fertile meadows. Mr. Brown tells us that Tasmania is the most lovely and healthy of all parts of Australasia, and bears out his assertions with the following paragraph :—

The first assertion I will leave those to contradict who can; it is a matter of taste; but the second I make fearlessly, for there is a larger proportion of old people to be found in Tasmania than in any other part of the globe. I know of no place where the pink complexion and the white beard are so often seen in unison; where with age the senses, instead of failing, ripen into mellowness, where the memory and all other faculties remain perfect to the last. There is now, or was a few months since, living in Launceston an old man named John Dell. He was born on Guy Fawkes's day, 1763; served for many years as a corporal of the guard of George III., and emigrated to Tasmania as a soldier. He has eighty-six descendants living in Tasmania, and is hale and hearty. He will go to the theatre with his great grandchildren, hear and appreciate the acting. He can write and read without glasses, and can not only remember what happened fifty years ago, but can relate consecutively the events of his life from that period to the present time.

Our author admits this to be an exceptional case, but there can be little doubt that Tasmania is a remarkably healthy country, and one admirably adapted for those who are distressed by the cold of winter in England; for invalids, however, who require a warm, dry climate, Mr. Brown recommends the delightful Illawarra district of New South Wales—a district which reminds the traveller of the tropics; where bright green deciduous-leaved trees with broad leaves take the place of the dusky evergreen myrtles and gumtrees so prevalent in the forests of New South Wales, where the mountains are cleft by valleys such as St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia" might have been written among, overhung by clusters of four species of tree ferns, the broad fronds of which form a delicate tracery of filagree against the bright sky. Two species of palm-trees are abundant, the fan-leaved Australian cabbage palm and the Bangalee, a plumose-leaved species allied to *Areca*, whilst the whole forest is hung with giant creepers like the lianes of Brazil, and the trunks of the trees are laden with parasitic vegetation.

There are trees of the Australian fig (*Uro-stigma platypodium*) on Mount Kera, which almost rival the ceibas of America or the baobabs of Africa in size; yet with all this luxuriance of nature on the mountain slopes the plain is everywhere well cultivated, and, except in autumn, when it is a sea of gold with Indian corn, it is as beautiful and verdant as an English landscape in spring. The Illawarra would be a perfect paradise for a naturalist sportsman, for the forest is full of the most beautiful birds, and we have already said enough to excite the enthusiasm of the botanist.

The great beauty and luxuriance of this district is not due to any great abundance of moisture, which would render the locality unhealthy, but almost, if not entirely, to the fact that the mountains protect it from the scorching hot wind from the interior which, as Mr. Brown justly observes, is the *bête noir* of Australia. He continues :—

I have said that I cannot agree with anyone who makes light of hot winds, because a wind which has "an important influence on the organic development of plants" must also exercise "important influence on the feelings and whole mental disposition of man." Mr. Hughes describes the hot wind of Australia as exerting an extremely injurious influence upon vegetation, both indigenous and exotic, during its brief prevalence. All the grasses and leguminous plants are parched by it, and the fruit of the fig, as well as that of the vine, is destroyed. The red and blue grapes commonly lose their colour and their watery elements; the green leaves turn yellow and wither; the quality of the crops is generally deteriorated, and whole fields of promising wheat and potatoes are laid waste. Its effects on the human frame partake of the character of those produced by the sirocco,

or simoon of Egypt and the Mediterranean coasts. This account does not at all exaggerate the effects of a hot wind. It is true that stone houses, well-watered streets, and other improvements have made them more bearable of late years, and that they are not nearly so frequent as formerly.

If we are to believe accounts, the climate of Australia is gradually changing and becoming colder. There seems, in fact, to be a process going on in the southern hemisphere exactly analogous to that in the northern, only having an opposite tendency; for it is notorious to us all that the winters are milder than they formerly were in England. Mr. Brown says on this subject :—

In considering the climates of Australia, it must again be remembered that they are changing every year; the temperature is considerably cooler than it was a few years ago. This change is generally explained by saying that the clearance of vast tracts of forest land has opened up the country, and consequently the air is less charged with radiated heat.

Mr. Brown bears out the statement that the temperature is diminishing by several facts, but we are surprised that the author, who, it appears from the first page of his book, is a student of Humboldt, should commit himself by publishing so erroneous an explanation of the phenomenon, since it is well known that the absence of woods causes heat, and not cold; and the German philosopher distinctly stated in his great work, "Cosmos," that extensive woods lower the temperature of a climate in a threefold manner—by shade, evaporation, and radiation. (Otte's translation, vol. i., p. 326.) Nevertheless, the author evidently writes from long experience, and his work will be an invaluable guide-book both to the medical profession and to invalids contemplating change of climate to recruit their health.

The second work, a popular account of Australia, is one which, although it contains two or three moderately interesting chapters, is generally neither amusing nor instructive. The best chapter is the second, which treats chiefly of the volcanic districts of South Australia, but it consists almost entirely of extracts from other works. We are at a loss to know to what class of readers the author addresses himself in the chapters on natural history, which he commences by informing us that "Australia is the great country of marsupials or pouched animals," and then, instead of telling us what pouched animals are, he says :—

No monkeys are found in Australia; neither the lion, the tiger, the leopard, nor, in fact, any of the feline tribe, roam among its forests to disturb the harmony of its generally peaceful quadrupeds.

Does the author include as peaceful dasyurus, thylacinus, and sarcophilus? We should think for the arrangement, or rather the want of arrangement, in the remainder of the chapter, that its author did not exactly know himself whether the platypus and the echidna are marsupials or not. At page 83 he seems to have relented, and thought it might be advantageous to explain what a marsupial animal is, he has selected for the purpose a paragraph of Professor Owen, in which the professor compares the marsupium to a "perambulator." The paragraph contains a very pretty teleological moral, eminently adapted for infant minds. The chapter on the inferior forms of the animal kingdom strongly reminds us of some paragraphs in Cook's and some of the other old Voyages, except that it wants the charm of novelty; and what was information worthy of record in 1800, gathered by Cook's officers a few hours on shore in an unknown country, is scarcely worthy of repetition now. The topographical portions of the book savour too much of the guide-books so abundant at every cathedral town or watering-place in England, frequented by tourists. The history of the gold-diggings and of Australian discovery is interesting, but we fear we cannot recommend it for novelty.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The Atlantic Telegraph. By W. H. Russell, LL.D. (Day & Son, Limited.)

IT is instructive, and at the same time highly gratifying, to contrast the ready assistance given by the Government to the Atlantic Telegraph Company with the answer returned to Mr. Ronalds, when he requested the Lords of the Admiralty to inspect his electric telegraph. "Lord Melville was obliging enough," says Mr. Ronalds in 1823, "to request Mr. Hay to see me 'on the subject of my discovery,' but before the nature of it had been yet known, except to the late Lord Henniker, Dr. Rees, Mr. Brande and a few friends, I received an intimation from Mr. Barrow, to the effect 'that telegraphs of any kind were then wholly unnecessary, and that no other than the one then in use would be adopted.'" This reply was as illogical as it was illiberal, but in the volume before us we have the record of an undertaking whose promoters cannot certainly complain of any want of sympathy and help from the Government. The work commences with a very brief account of the early history of the electric telegraph, in which the successive steps of submarine telegraphy are traced. It would be unfair to criticize this portion too severely, but we must protest against the statement that Professor Morse's suggestion, made in the year 1843, to carry a cable across the Atlantic Ocean would never have been realized "but for the experiments and discoveries of Oersted, Sturgeon, Ampère, Davy, Henry, Faraday, and others." Now the fact is, that the most important discoveries in this department of science with which these illustrious names are identified were made before the year 1843. It may, therefore, be fairly assumed that Professor Morse was in possession of them. Dr. Russell next refers to the labours of Mr. Brett—"the father of ocean telegraphy," as he has been called—who, in 1850, laid the first cable across the Channel. A few hours afterwards this cable was fished up by a certain "pescatore ignobile," of Boulogne, who, having cut off a piece, sold it as a specimen of a very rare seaweed, with its centre filled with gold. He then sketches the history of the events which preceded the successful submergence of the cable between England and America in 1858, which was so vividly described by Mr. Woods in the *Times*. The main portion of the book is, however, devoted to the recent attempt to connect the Old World and the New in July of the present year, the facts of which must be fresh in everyone's memory. The description of the voyage is taken from Dr. Russell's diary, and although it is but a few months since we, in common with hundreds of others, read how well the big ship behaved, and how nobly the crew tried again and again to recover the lost cable, we confess to have re-perused Dr. Russell's graphic description with unabated pleasure. When the cable parted we can easily realize that "no words could describe the bitterness of the disappointment. The cable gone! gone for ever down in that fearful depth! It was enough to move one to tears; and when a man came with the piece of the end lashed still to the chain, and showed the tortured strands—the torn wires—the lacerated core—it is no exaggeration to say that a feeling of pity, as if it were some sentient creature which had been thus mutilated and dragged asunder by brutal force, moved the spectators."

Or take the description of the fishing up of the cable from a depth of 2,500 fathoms on the 8th of August: "Shortly before eight o'clock an iron shackle and swivel at the end of a length of wire rope came over the bow, passed over the drums, and had been wound three times round the capstan, when the head of the swivel-bolt 'drew,' exactly as the swivel before it had done, and the rope, parting at once, flew round the capstan, over the drums, through the stops, with the irresistible force on it of a strain, indicated at the time, or a little previously, of

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90 cwt. It is wonderful no one was hurt. The end of the rope flourished its iron fist in the air, and struck out with it right and left, as though it were animated by a desire to destroy those who might arrest its progress."

When the third and final attempt was made Dr. Russell "was going forward, when the whistle blew again, and I heard cries of 'Stop it!' or 'Stop her!' in the bows, shouts of 'Look out!' and agitated exclamations. Then there was silence. I knew at once all was over. The machinery stood still in the bows, and for a moment every man was fixed, as if turned to stone. There, standing blank and mute, were the hardy, constant toilers, whose toil was ended at last. Our last bolt was sped."

After a brief delay, all hands were at their duties again, and the ship's head was turned eastward. Captain Anderson gave immediate directions for a start, and the Great Eastern returned for a rope.

Much of the writing in our daily journals is of too high a character, and relates to topics of too lasting an interest, to be consigned to the limbo which is usually the fate of such productions. We are very glad, therefore, to see Dr. Russell's graphic description reproduced in a form more available for future reference than a volume of the *Times*. The work is illustrated with lithographed plates, to the number of twenty-five, from drawings made on the spot by Mr. Robert Dudley. They form a valuable addition to the text, and perhaps the only thing that can be said against them is, that they are occasionally rather cold and slaty in tone. The binding is gorgeous and characteristic; and no one who wishes well to the undertaking could do better than select this volume, above all others, as "A New Year's Gift," for the interest of it will go on increasing as the year rolls on, until the great attempt it records shall be finally accomplished.

So much, then, for the Atlantic cable, with which we trust that ominous word "failure" has been associated for the last time. "Forward," says Dr. Russell, was "the last word transmitted through the old telegraph from Europe to America, and 'Forward' is the motto of the enterprise still."

BRITISH BIRDS.

The Food, Use, and Beauty of British Birds.
By C. O. Groom Napier. (Groombridge & Sons; Bristol: Kerslake & Co.)

MANY of our scientific readers will remember Mr. Florent Prevost's collection of the contents of the stomachs of birds in the International Exhibition of 1862. But that only extended to a few of the smaller and more common European birds, and was not limited, on the other hand, to those found in the British Isles. It was, therefore, more curious than useful, except in so far as it might have been suggestive of something more complete. Mr. Napier, however, was beforehand with him. For many years previously, he had examined the stomachs of all the species he could procure at the various seasons of the year. Availing himself of all the assistance he could get, he arranged a series of tables, which were exhibited before the British Association at Bath in 1864; but was unable to do justice to them in the limits within which his paper was confined.

We have now a sparkling little essay, written in the dashing style common to all the Napiers, even upon such a dry subject as a catalogue of birds. The arrangement is quite original. Birds are divided into the more and the less common. The positive, comparative, and superlative degrees of their beauty, form, and colour are indicated by the letters C, B, A, respectively. These letters also express, in the same manner, their economic value. By this is meant, not their value as food, with which, we presume, as he lays no stress upon it, the author thinks every one is competent to form an opinion; but the amount of insects and vermin they devour, compared with the injury they do to

our crops or garden produce. Thus the owls are reckoned the most useful, for they live principally on mice and vermin; whilst the pheasant and the partridge are immensely destructive, more so than even the common house-sparrow. Let us now take a specimen at random from the catalogue itself:—

JACKDAW. *C. Monedula*, Linn. Europe. Ec. value, in Europe, B. Beauty of form and colour, C; of voice, C. Constant in Britain, common. Food: Britain, Jan., Feb., refuse, seeds, mollusca; Mar., refuse, seeds, mollusca, insects; Ap., worms, insects, reptiles, seeds, eggs; May, insects, worms, reptiles, seeds, eggs; June, insects, worms, fruits, peas; July, insects, worms, peas, mollusca; Aug., insects, worms, fruits; Sep., worms, grubs, insects; Oct., grubs, worms. Nov., worms, mollusca, refuse; Dec., grubs, refuse, worms. Not eaten in Britain.

It will be seen at once that the food of the birds is arranged according to the months. That of some species varies much with the seasons; that of others is apparently continuous throughout the year. This is a very interesting point, and as the observations which the author has had the means of making are far from complete, we hope all good ornithologists will hasten to supplement his labours, and assist him in his next edition.

Man, the highest animal, has both the right and the power to destroy, if not to extirpate, all others, so far as it is useful for him to do so. The more or the less is entirely a matter of expediency. But destruction should be reduced to a science. If we only knew what was the channel in which natural selection was running we might do a great deal to help it. Even in shooting tits and sparrows, there is room for the young interpreter of nature to show that he knows what he is made for. Because a bird strews the ground with buds, it does not follow that he is less useful than the gardener who removes decayed leaves, or prunes away shoots which can never come to anything. Nor is all the grain which is found in a sparrow's stomach necessarily stolen from the stalk on which it grew. Those who cannot solve these paradoxes must go to Mr. Napier.

But they will find something more in his pages than this. Few as they are, there is a little bit of everything in them. Here are reflections which would have done credit to Alexander Selkirk on his island:—

Bird life should run riot on the lonely rock in the ocean. Let birds alone there, at least; let them reign unmolested there—the guillemots, the razor-bills, the puffins, and all those other interesting water birds. There let the skua terrify the eagle from the sheepfold. There let the stormy petrel lay in the crannies of the rock its tender eggs, and on each little islet let the various gulls breed, to yield an annual crop of eggs and feathers to man. On St. Cuthbert's Isle let the eider not be disturbed, but let it yield its down. Let the solan goose of the Bass Rock yield its young and eggs; let them not be disturbed or extirpated; for though all these gulls feed on fish, yet there is fish enough for us and them, so far as the sea is concerned.

It is a most unpretending and valuable little book, and equally welcome to the railway traveller, the country observer, and the professed ornithologist.

The Emotions and the Will. By Alexander Bain, M.A. Second Edition. (Longmans, Green, & Co.)—Mr. Alexander Bain's two treatises on "The Senses and the Intellect," and on "The Emotions and the Will," form together a rich and complete map of the human mind, in which every little roadside station of sensation and emotion is accurately marked down. Physiology is made the basis of psychology, and the science of mind, reduced from its high and independent position, is only considered in its physical relations. According to Mr. Bain it is not alone—

The cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds,
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will;

the whole nervous system being involved. He views mind as presenting itself in *nerve currents*, and out of the various complexities and combinations of these he conceives that all man's

knowledge and belief is built up. That there is already a second edition published of Mr. Bain's profound works, goes far to prove their value and utility.

A List of Provincial Words in Use at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, &c. Collected by William Stott Banks. 12mo. — Max Müller says it is incorrect to suppose that dialects are always corruptions of the literary language; and that even in England the local *patois* have many forms which are more primitive than the language of Shakespeare, and that the richness of their vocabulary surpasses, on many points, that of the classical writers of any period. He says further, that dialects have always been the feeders, rather than the channels, of a literary language; and that at all events they are parallel streams which existed long before one of them was raised to that temporary eminence which is the result of literary cultivation; and Mr. Barnes says of the Dorset dialect, that it is not a separate offspring from the Anglo-Saxon, but purer, and sometimes richer, than the dialect which is chosen as the national speech. If such be the case, and we are not prepared to refute it, then all additions to our stock of provincial vocabularies should prove acceptable. The present list of Wakefield words is "not put forth as complete, nor as including only expressions specially belonging to Wakefield, or district; because no place can have more than a few peculiarities, and whatever be the origin of a word, it is almost sure to be employed in several neighbouring dialects." We notice one word—viz., "Dickey," for a "shirt-front," which is said to have been imported from Ireland. The students of Trinity College, Dublin, formerly made use of the word "Tommy" for this article of dress (derived from Greek *τομή*, a section), which the Gyps playfully changed to "Dickey." We should have been glad to have seen the etymologies of the words, which are, however, usually omitted by glossographers, we suppose on account of the difficulty of the subject.

We have received the *Supplementary Volume of the Treatise on Differential Equations*, by the late George Boole, F.R.S. (Macmillan); and *Our Weekly Gossip, a Critico-Anticritical Medley, a propos of the Editor of the Athenæum, &c., &c.*, by Johannes Von Gumpach (Murray).

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THE following extracts from the journal of Captain C. F. Hall, the Arctic explorer, will give every one the means of forming his own opinion as to the assertion made by Mr. Hall, that some of the men of Franklin's expedition may yet be living:—

Dec. 6, 1864.—This night I have had an interview with several of the natives here.

On the return of the walrus hunters, they almost uniformly call at our village during the evening to see and talk with me. This evening Ar-mou first comes in. I asked him when he was at Igloodik, a few years ago, what names of Kob-lu-nas he heard of that he remembered? The answer was, Par-ry, Lyon, and Crozier—the first two were Esh-e-mut-ta (chiefs or captains), but the latter one was not! I proceeded to ask him the questions of the names of the white men he had heard of from Innuits who had been to Igloodik. He said, Crozier, Par-ry, and Lyon—he had heard of others, but could not now remember them. I asked him if he had heard a great deal about Crozier, and he replied with great warmth, that he had, and then went on talking with Ar-mou and E-bier-bing, telling them how much he knew about Crozier.

Too-koo-li-to's face glowed with delight as she said: That same man Crozier, who was in Igloodik when Par-ry and Lyon were there, was Eshemutta (meaning captain in this case, the, literally, chief) of the two ships lost in the ice at Neitch-il-le. Crozier was the only man that would not eat any of the meat of the Kob-lu-nas, as the others all did. Crozier and the three men with him were very hungry, but Crozier, though nearly starved and very thin, would not eat a bit of the Kob-lu-nas—he waited till the Innuut (who was with him and the three men) caught a seal, and then Crozier only ate one mouthful—one little bit first time. Next time Crozier ate of the seal he took a little larger piece, though that was a little bit too. One man of the whole number (there were four, including Crozier) died because he was sick. The others all lived and grew fat, and finally Crozier got one Innuut with his Kiak to accompany him and the two men in trying to get to the Kob-lu-nar

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country by travelling to the southward. The Innuits here think these two men and Crozier are alive yet; think that they may have returned to Neitch-il-le if they found they could not get home to the Kob-lu-nar country, and lived again with Innuits.

The same Innuits told them all about the two ships, and how they were deserted; how most all the Kob-lu-nas starved and ate one another. The two winters the two ships were in the ice near Neitch-il-le were very cold. The Innuits never knew such very cold weather—there was no summer between the winters—could catch no seals or kill any reindeer at most of the usual places where they were wont to find them.

Dec. 7, 1864.—This morning Erk-tu-a, the relict of E-we-rat and old Mother Ouk-bar-loo, called on me just after the walrus-hunters had gone to the walrus grounds. Too-koo-li-to, my excellent interpreter, expressed her readiness to assist me.

I began by asking Erk-tu-a to report to me all the names she could recollect of the Kob-lu-nas she saw when at Igloolik. She began, and continued thus: Pa-ree, he Esh-e-mut-ta (captain); Ly-on, he Esh-e-mut-ta (captain); Par-me, he Esh-e-mut-ta-nar (mate on Lyon's ship); Oo-li-ze (on Parry's ship); Cro-zhar, Esh-e-mut-ta-nar (mate or some officer not so great as captain, on Parry's ship); Pe-zart, a tall man, who she thinks was on Lyon's ship; Marg, steward of Parry's ship, same name as Parry's an ma-ma (mother); a boy on Lyon's ship, same name; Hend-son, she remembered well—a jolly fellow—would swing his arms and cry, "An-ne-ett! An-ne-ett!" (Go out! go out!)

Erk-tu-a says that Cro-zhar (Crozier) was called Eg-loo-ka by the Innuits. Crozier's name was given to old Auk-bar-loo's sister's son, whose name was Eg-loo-ka, and Eg-loo-ka's name was given to Crozier. Inuit Eg-loo-ka is still living, but called Oo-li-zham (Cro-zhar).

After Erk-tu-a had said this much, I opened Parry's work, "Narrative of Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North-west Passage," and turned to the list of officers, &c., in the introduction to said work. I readily made out to whom "Par-me" (as Erk-tu-a spoke the name) referred. Charles Palmer was one of the lieutenants on board of Lyon's ship. "Oo-li-ze" I could not make out. I was somewhat troubled to make out to whom "Pe-zart" referred, till I requested Erk-tu-a to tell me if she remembered any of the other parties as I read over and pronounced the names in the list. As I pronounced the name Fisher, she recollected him well, and endeavoured to repeat it after me. This trial at once told me whom she meant by "Pe-zart."

This was as near as the old lady could come to it in trying to speak the name Fisher. I tried her time and again, but all she could do was to speak Pe-zart, Pe-zart; therefore the "Pe-zart" of Erk-tu-a means Fisher. Now, there are two Fishers in the list referred to: George Fisher, chaplain and astronomer on board Parry's vessel, and one Alexander Fisher, surgeon on board Lyon's. Erk-tu-a could only remember that the Pe-zart she knew was a tall man, and thinks he was on board Lyon's vessel.

Relative to Sir John Franklin's expedition, Mother Ouk-bar-loo says (very reservedly, in a way of letting me know of a matter that is a great secret among the Innuits), that two An-nat-kos (conjurers) of Neitch-il-lean koo-ted so much, that no animal—no game whatever—would go near the locality of the two ships which were in the ice near Neitch-il-le many years ago. The Innuits wished to live near that place (where the ships were), but could not kill anything for their food. They (the Innuits) really believed that the presence of the Kob-lu-nas (whites) in that part of the country was the cause of all their (the Innuits) troubles.

Mother Ouk-bar-loo continued: One man would not eat the flesh of his frozen and starved companions, and, therefore, when her nephew, Too-shoo-art-tar-ri-o, found Eg-loo-ka (Crozier) and three other Kob-lu-nas with him, Eg-loo-ka, who was the one that would not eat human flesh, was very thin (poor) and almost starved. One of the three men with Eg-loo-ka died, for he was sick. He did not die from hunger, but because he was very sick. The Innuits all believe that Eg-loo-ka and two men with him are still alive. Eg-loo-ka was the same man she had before heard of as having been at Igloolik when two ships were there.

Dec. 10.—This evening I had a long talk with Shu-she-ark-nuk, who appears to be the best informed of any of his people here. Eg-loo-ka (Crozier); but oftener called by the Innuits, in speaking, his Kob-lu-na name, Do-le-zhar, who was nearly starved, was given a small bit of

raw seal, as soon as Too-shoo-art-tar-ri-o found him (Crozier). The piece of seal first given him (Crozier) was not larger than the fore-finger, up to the first joint, and this was cut into two pieces. Soon after Crozier wanted to sleep. An igloo was quickly completed, when Crozier laid right down, and slept during the remainder of that day and through the night. Next morning the cousin gave Crozier another piece of seal, twice as big as he had given him at first. After eating it Crozier went to sleep immediately, and slept all day and through the night. After Crozier had eaten on the first and second days, he (Crozier) was quite sick. This the cousin knew by his being restless and groaning often while he slept. The cousin said that Crozier's sickness or restlessness was caused by his having been so hungry, and eating the meat. The cousin knew what the effect would be when he gave Crozier what he did; but he could not help it. It was the only way to save his life. The third day Crozier was better, and the cousin gave him considerable more meat than he had before. After this, Crozier grew better fast. When quite recovered, Crozier told the cousin (Too-shoo-art-tar-ri-o) where he and the men who were with him were going, and that, after so many days, he and his men would return to the cousin's igloo.

Crozier and his men returned after several days, as he had promised. He, with his men, had been to the big tent they had left just before the cousin found him.

Tuesday, Dec. 13, 1864, 12 m.—Shu-she-ark-nuk was in our igloo, when, with the aid of my interpreter, I obtained from him further information of Crozier. He said that Crozier told the Innuits, when he (Crozier) was at Igloolik, that he was coming into the Inuit country again some time, and that he should then be an Esh-e-mut-ta (chief, or captain), and he wanted the Innuits to tell all their people all about it and to tell them also that his name was Eg-loo-ka. It was Tak-kee-lik-kee-ta, the Inuit, who adopted him (Shu-she-ark-nuk) as his son, and with whom he (S.) so lived several years, that told him (S.) this. Tak-kee-lik-kee-ta heard Crozier tell the Innuits of Igloolik this, and he (C.) told him (T.) many times the same. Shu-she-ark-nuk said that he heard other Innuits who were at Igloolik at the same time, and saw Crozier tell the same story.

Dec. 14.—Old Mother Ouk-bar-loo came in. Her answers to my questions were these:—

At the time her nephew (Too-shoo-art-tar-ri-o) first found Eg-loo-ka (Crozier) and the men, his (T.'s) son was two years of age. The small piece of raw seal meat Too-shoo-art-tar-ri-o had on the sledge at the time was for this son, who kept crying for it.

When her nephew and his family met her and her sons with their families at Pelly Bay, his son was about the same size and age as See-gan's youngest (pointing to a lad, the son of See-gan, who was then in our igloo, and whose age is between six and seven years), and the little one, a girl, who was unborn at the time her nephew found Eg-loo-ka, and the three Kob-lu-nas with him, was about the size and age of either of the three little children before us.

It was in the spring of the year, though then very cold weather, when her nephew found Eg-loo-ka and the three men with him. It was a long time before the sea-ice went away. Her nephew was then sealing on the ice when he found him. Her nephew had seen Crozier before—one year before—on board of his ship, which at that time was not far from Neitch-il-le. Her nephew went to this ship on the ice, in company with many other Innuits. After this visit to this ship, Neitch-il-le Innuits believed that the ship had gone away home—home to the Kob-lu-na country; but the first they heard was that a great many Kob-lu-nas had frozen and starved to death. While Crozier and his three men were living with her nephew, the Neitch-il-le Innuits went to the ship and got a great many things from it. This fact Eg-loo-ka and her nephew learned when they arrived at Neitch-il-le. It was further down—more to the south-west—than Neitch-il-le, that her nephew found Eg-loo-ka and the three men. Eg-loo-ka and two men (one had died at Neitch-il-le) started to go toward the Kob-lu-na country, the same year her nephew found them. They went on the land to the south-west. Eg-loo-ka said they were going to that part of the country (as the old lady described it, that part of the country occupied by the Innuits, to the south of our present winter quarters), belonging to the Kinna patoos. Too-kop-li-too says: "I think, from what the old lady had said, that Crozier and his few men with him were going to try and

get where the Kob-lu-nas live—either to Fort Churchill or York Factory." This, taken in connexion with what has before been told me by the Innuits of this place, that the Kin-na-patoos (Innuits in the vicinity of Chesterfield Inlet) knew of the abandonment of the two ships, when near Neitch-il-le, and knew all about the Kob-lu-nas (whites) having frozen and starved to death, before On-e-la and his people heard of the same (which was in the winter of 1853-4), shows that there is a way of communication to the west of this, between Neitch-il-le and Chesterfield Inlet!

Her nephew was very much attached to Eg-loo-ka. When he and his two men left the Neitch-il-le Innuits for the Kob-lu-na country, they took their guns and much ammunition with them. It was in the fall of a year, in warm weather, when they started. Crozier was then very well, and fat.

Neitch-il-le Innuits got so many things from the ship—never got through with them—no, not in a thousand years, as Too-koo-li-too interprets the old lady's description. Here I asked Too-koo-li-too if the old lady said a thousand years. She answered, no; she did not say a thousand years, but all the same thing. She said there were things enough for children's children, children's grandchildren, children's grandchildren's grandchildren, and ever so much more.

The Kob-lu-nas, or the Innuits, made a big hole in the bottom of the ship, as if they had wanted to sink it. The Innuits got two big, long saws from the ship, that the Kob-lu-nas had used to saw ice with, and took them to the land. The Innuits saw that nearly the whole of one side of this vessel had been crushed in by the heavy ice that was about it, and thought that was why the Kob-lu-nas left it, and went to the land, and lived in the tents. By-and-bye the Kob-lu-nas froze and starved. Among the things the Innuits got from the ship were a great many ood-loos (Inuit women's knives, like our domestic mincing or chopping-knives in the States). These were all very good—just what all the women wanted. Every woman had one, and there were more than enough for each woman and girl. Beside these they got a great many knives for the men, such as pe-louls and pan-nas (small, or short-bladed and long-bladed knives), a great many spoons and forks, a good many bright rings for the fingers, a great many round, thin pieces of metal (medals and pieces of money, Too-koo-li-too says these must have been from old Ouk-bar-loo's description). Some were red, some white, and some looked like the metal kar-rooms (a brass ornament worn on the foreheads of the Innuits here and at Neitch-il-le) are made of. (Too-koo-li-too thinks some of these money and medal pieces were bright gold, and others brass).

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

ADMIRAL FITZROY'S "Weather Book" has been translated into French by Mr. MacLeod; not, however, as a separate and distinct work, but as a series of articles in the *Revue Maritime et Coloniale*. The translation was commenced in June, 1864, and concludes with the current number of the *Revue*.

It has several times been suggested that the organization of a system of meteorological telegraphy similar to that introduced by Admiral Fitzroy in this country would be attended with immense advantage in India. The cyclone of October, 1864, which did such damage to the shipping in the port of Calcutta, brought the subject once more before the public in a prominent manner. The Asiatic Society of Bengal estimated the cost of such a system at 67,000 rupees yearly, a sum which the Government hesitated to disburse. We have, however, much pleasure in stating that the authorities have taken the matter up, though, at present, the only assistance they give is a grant of the necessary instruments and an allowance of fifty rupees a month to the assistant at the telegraph department at Saugor, who will be charged with the duty of recording observations. "The position of Saugor Island on the seaboard to the south of the port of Calcutta, and in the direction from which the most severe storms approach this port, renders it peculiarly fitted for a post from which warning may be given of approaching bad weather." We trust that this is but the commencement of a system which will, in time, be extended along the whole of the eastern coast. There is, we believe, a system of warning signals already in operation at Bombay. We may add that these steps have been taken by the Government, on

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the recommendations of a meteorological committee appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in March last. The report and the correspondence relating thereto are published in a recent supplement to the *Calcutta Gazette*.

We beg to remind our readers that the Archaeological Academy of Belgium have organized an international congress in conjunction with the French Archaeological Society, which is to take place at Antwerp next month. The following questions, amongst others, will be discussed at the meeting: On the duties of the Legislature as regards the preservation of historical monuments; on the most rational methods of arranging historical records; on the principles to be observed in the restoration of ancient buildings of various styles and periods; on the character of the schools of painting of Liège and Tournay, and their influence on the development of the Flemish School; on the special characteristics of the ancient Celtic and Gaulish divinities; on the influence of the Roman legions on the spread of Christianity among barbarous nations; is it possible to establish the birthplace of Rubens by authentic documents? Was America discovered by the northern nations before the expedition of Christopher Columbus? The Minister of the Interior has accepted the office of honorary president, and has granted a subsidy to assist in defraying the expenses of the congress.

THE last report on the cultivation of Chinchona in Bengal is most satisfactory. During the month of July last 14,000 cuttings have been planted—a greater number than has ever been obtained since the commencement of the cultivation at Darjeeling. The total number of plants, cuttings, and seedlings amounts to 81,000. The altitude at which the plantations are situated varies from 1,825 feet to 5,500 feet above the sea level.

REPORTS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—Dec. 14.—General Sabine, President, in the chair.

The following papers were read: "Numerical Elements of Indian Meteorology." Series III. "Temperatures of the Atmosphere, and Isothermal Profiles of High Asia," by Mr. H. de Schlägintweit. "On Testing Chronometers for the Mercantile Marine," by Mr. J. Hartnup.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL.—Dec. 19.—(Continued from Page 717.)—Mr. Dunbar Heath's paper "On the Primary Anthropoid and Secondary Mute Origin of the European Races versus the Theory of Migration from an External Source," went on thus:—

Grimm's law states, in the first place, that if two Aryan languages have any one root in common—that is, if the same parts of the palate are used to express any root—and if any difference of force of tongue or throat is used, that same difference is found universally in every other root common to the two languages. Thus, if *tres* in Latin is *three* in Gothic by using more breath, and *drei* in high German by using more tongue-force, then in every other root common to these three languages the same difference must occur. For instance, *torreo* in Latin is connected with *thirst* in Gothic, and *durst* in German. *Tu* in Latin, *thou* in English, and *du* in German, *tune* in Latin, *then* in English, *denn* in German, &c., &c.

This law, so far as I have here stated it, is of itself sufficiently surprising when we cannot admit any want of ability in these three nations to pronounce their common words alike. In order to prove, however, want of will—in order to prove, in fact, an ancient conspiracy or determination among the aristocracy of these nations, to admit wrong speech (among their slaves probably) where right might have been had—we must find more than this one instance of these methodical sets of charges.

Take, then, the case where the Goths (or English Germans) used the least possible force of either breath or tongue. Instead of taking such a word as *three* where there was a small force of tongue, but a breath spent with it, take the word *tooth* which begins with a simple *t*. Here the Latins, Kelts, &c., use more force saying *dens*, *dent*, and added to this greater tongue-force, the high Germans use a strong breath as well, saying *dsahn* or *zahn*. So English *ten*, Latin, Greek, Welsh, *decem*, *deka*, *deg*; German *zehn*. English, *te tear*; Greek, *deipw*; German, *serren*, &c., &c.

I have given here but two sets of changes. The aggregate of these, with many similar ones, constitutes Grimm's law, for the origin of which no explanation has, I believe, hitherto been suggested. I note, indeed, Max Müller's statements

how certain tribes "spent" the letter *t*, and "were driven to adopt" *z*. The "pressure was felt once more," and they had to employ "th." "They had really robbed Peter to pay Paul." "They fixed *d* in their national utterance as *t*." If the professor has a distinct theory as to how this very wonderful set of charges took place so methodically and universally, I have failed to understand it.

Now, in this law I see an argument in favour of the origin of Europeans from the aboriginal mutes enslaved by the Aryans. That the aboriginals were enslaved by the Aryans is, I suppose, a common view, for few would suppose the mighty Aryans to have been themselves the cave contemporaries of mammoths and lions. Few, I say, consider the makers of the bone needles in the drift period to have been Aryans. Were they then mutes or not? Did they, when enslaved by Aryans, receive the power of saying "a little sharp thing," as they now say it? If they used articulate speech and were not Aryans, how came the words for needle and a thousand other words of daily life to be so completely supplanted by Aryan words? Now the Aryans somehow or other have arrived at a common use of the palate, but not of the throat or tongue, and the variations in the use of throat and tongue follow fixed laws.

I explain Grimm's law as follows:—

The palate is a fixed organ. Teach a mute to press his tongue against the different parts of his palate. So far as the mere palate goes, no control of any muscle by the will is requisite. The difficulty lies after all in the moveable tongue and strength of breath. Now, if the aborigine to whom the Aryan teacher or conqueror comes should be a speaking man, practised in these organs, and the said Aryan should wish him to say *bad*, I see no reason why the man should not say so, for we must remember the facts show there was no organic want of ability, in the case we are discussing. If, however, the aboriginal be a mute, he would very likely say *pat*, but in neither case does there seem to me any probability of his saying *kag*, or of the Aryan being satisfied for his own purposes with his saying so. The teacher, however, who heard the mute say *pat* for *bad*, would, in the first place, understand him, he would also very likely be amused, and would also probably have no great objection to his slaves talking slavishly, as distinguished from his own aristocratic Aryan self. He would, of course, save himself all unnecessary trouble. Hence he would consistently allow him, and, in fact, encourage him, to say also *pet* for *bed*, and *pit* for *bid*. It will, of course, be obvious that, unless actively discouraged, the mute who once said *pat* for *bad*, would naturally say *pet*, and *pit*. This natural falling into the wrong use of the tongue on the right part of the palate would only be natural on the hypothesis I have suggested. If fifty Aryans seized a kitchen-midden with 200 mutes, the events would follow. Nothing of the sort could take place between Normans and Saxons, nor between existing languages, one of which is supposed to have disappeared after several generations, as Swedish will in the United States. The more I meditate on this hypothesis, the more I can realize it, and Grimm's law is now explained, for exactly as *pat*, *pet*, and *pit*, are in one place supposed to have been articulated, so another teacher in another part of Europe would find his slaves saying *vath*, *veth*, *vith*; or *fadh*, *fedh*, *fidh*, but this would take place regularly only on the hypothesis of mute pupils, and any such variation once made by the pupil's unpractised tongue or throat must, for comprehensibility's sake, have been carried out consistently into every word acquired from the teacher's language, and these words would be exclusively the common ones of daily life. In this way alone no confusion would arise, and in this way I connect Grimm's law with the original mute condition of Man in Europe.

It will be seen by those acquainted with Grimm's wonderful law that for simplification's sake I have most imperfectly described it. In order to give a little better idea of the facts, I will now, in imagination and in conclusion, invade the domains of those who advocate the origin of Europeans from one centre. I will suppose myself to be at the original Aryan home itself. What do I find there?—an intelligent community, well able at any rate to do two very important things—viz., to talk, and to increase their numbers. Being pressed for room, they send out in the course of time three colonies: one for Cashmere, we will suppose, one for Khiva, and one for Orenburg, south, west, and north-west. We will suppose further that these

universal Aryan fathers possess 100 roots beginning with *p*, 100 beginning with *t*, and 100 with *k*; also 100 with more breath in pronouncing each of these, and 100 with more tongue force, making thus altogether 900 roots. And now behold the wonder. In the course of further ages, we visit the supposed descendants of these men who, by the hypothesis were from the beginning fully able to distinguish these nine uses of their organs. We find the alleged descendants still fully able to distinguish them, but to every one of the 300 *p*, *t*, *k* roots, one set of alleged descendants have added tongue-force, another set have kept the same tongue-force, but have added breath.

The facts are that *tres*, *θυγατηρ*, and *dens*, and such words, among one set, have become *three*, *daughter*, and *tooth*, and such words, among another; and *drei*, *tochter*, and *zahn* in another; and that similar changes, without I believe a single exception to the rule, occur wherever the common roots have been preserved. The question, then, is: How, why, or when, could or should the men of the supposed Khiva, Cashmere, and Orenburg have done all this? For my part, I can only conceive it happening by these colonists finding at these imaginary places or elsewhere a set of mutes numerically much predominating over them, and the *modus operandi* would be then, perhaps, as follows:—

Kitchen-middens, or settlements of the mutes, would be seized upon at different times and places by certain speaking tribes. Among the mutes there was a perception of the advantage of speech as of any new metal or good. Among the Aryans a perception quite as strong no doubt existed as to the advantage of enslaving the mutes for the sake of their labour. Slavery elevated the inferior races as usual. Amalgamation probably took place. Language was correctly acquired so far as the use of the fixed organs of speech co-operated, but errors were tolerated, provided such rules of error were adhered to as would allow a comprehension of the slave jargon by the masters. These errors, if established among previous mutes, would be naturally in the use of the tongue and throat. The fact that the Sanskrit is the most methodical of known Aryan languages, tends to show that the instruction of the mutes took place not long before the formation of Sanskrit, as the attention of the Aryan Pundits would be powerfully drawn to the subject of distinctions of voice by so mighty a task as had fallen to the lot of their people.

The subject of the development of these supposed mutes out of red anthropoids may be kept for another time, as surely that of mutes into articulately speaking men is enough for the occasion.

In the discussion which ensued,

Professor Max Müller observed that Grimm's law was like a wheel with three spokes. There was no sign of difficulty in pronouncing any of the root letters of the Aryan languages. That there was such a difficulty was the foundation of Mr. Dunbar Heath's argument derived from Grimm's law; and, therefore, they were not on that ground to adopt so extraordinary a theory of the origin of the European races as that they were derived from mute men; and in further explanation, that the interchange in the European languages of the consonant grounds from their origin. Sound in the Aryan was certainly a fact, and a curious one; but it surely did not follow that the people who, originally receiving the latter language, fell into those consonant interchanges were mutes. There had been always at work a thousand different causes to produce those changes, while the languages are merely dialectical—even when languages came to be written, and, literally, such changes occurred continually. He (the Professor) could not explain them even imperfectly, but he could not accept Mr. Heath's explanation.

Mr. Pritchard instanced the natives of the Polynesian Islands, some of whom could not pronounce certain consonants, although others of them could, and *vice versa*.

The next paper was by Mr. H. G. Atkinson, on "An Idiot Family of Downham, Norfolk." It was read by Mr. Carter Blake, secretary, and gave a short account of the family, comprising five children, four boys and a girl, all idiots, so low as to be scarcely above the brutes. Their father was a man of low intellect, but he kept a public-house, and brought up these poor creatures to maturity; and the mother was a woman of weak mind. A whole family of idiots was a singular thing, and suggested considerations of the defect being hereditary.

Dr. Ballard, in commenting upon this paper, said he had closely studied the subject of idiocy.

He held it not to be hereditary, but to be produced by influences acting on the individual at the birth. If any one went to Earlswood they would see there nearly all the idiots, no matter how old, continually sucking—sucking either their tongues or fingers, or bedclothes. This arose in early infancy from a want of the infant's natural food, which was only to be got from sucking. The baby went on sucking and swallowing its gastric secretions, and this produced constant dysentery, in many instances it totally destroyed the stomach, withered the creature, and ended in idiocy. Such things took place frequently in the same family, when the parents were of full mental development.

Dr. Gibb confirmed this view, and said that it was now greatly engaging the attention of the profession, as being of high probability and importance.

Mr. Bollaert read a paper on "The Maya Alphabet," which was quite technical and abstruse in its character.

ACTUARIES.—Dec. 18.—Mr. S. Brown in the chair.—Mr. Marcus N. Adler, M.A., F.S.S., read a "Memoir of the late Benjamin Gompertz, F.R.S., with some Account of the Contributions to Actuarial Science," written by himself.

Mr. Adler observed that, at the time when he drew up the memoir, it was not with the intention of reading it to a scientific society, but merely to see it inserted in the columns of the *Assurance Magazine*. Their president had subsequently expressed the wish that he should make it the subject of a reading to the members of the Institute, and he (Mr. Adler) felt that such a request from one whom they all so respected, even if it had been of a less flattering character to him individually, could not well be declined consistently with the sincere esteem he entertained for the subject of the memoir. He hoped that the members would not consider any opinions advanced by him in the course of the paper as put in too authoritative a manner; but, having had the advantage of the invaluable advice of Professor De Morgan in drawing up the memoir, he hoped it would meet with a less rigorous criticism at their hands.

Mr. Adler first alluded to Mr. Gompertz's endeavour to uphold the method of fluxions of Newton in opposition to Leibnitz's use of differentials, and quoted several passages from the writings of Mr. Gompertz, wherein he established the grounds for his steadfast advocacy of Newton's claims. Several improvements introduced by Mr. Gompertz in the symbols used in the fluxional calculus, as well as in different branches of natural philosophy, were also pointed out.

Mr. Gompertz's contributions to the *Gentleman's Mathematical Companion* were next reviewed, and the fact was pointed out as a proof of his great analytical powers, that for ten successive years he gained the annual prize for the best solutions of the prize questions. Some interesting particulars were then given in connexion with the old Mathematical Society, founded so far back as 1717. The members held their meetings at Crispin-street, Spitalfields, and their valuable library and rich collection of instruments offered great facilities for the student, and a constant interchange of ideas was fostered by frequent discussions and occasional lectures. We are reminded of an interesting anecdote in connexion with this society. The manner in which the contributions were then levied from the members was by charging an admission fee of one shilling. This coming to the ears of an informer, he tried to bring an action against the society for holding entertainments at a place not duly licensed. Great was the consternation of the members. Eventually a barrister took the case in hand, and brought it to a triumphant issue at a court of law. As the lawyer refused to take any payment for his services, a grand dinner was given in his honour by the members, and in the annals of the society one may find some amusing poetry that was composed on this occasion. Mr. Gompertz was for some time president of the society.

Mr. Adler then gave a very full explanation of Mr. Gompertz's method of treating imaginary expressions by the introduction of arbitrary quantities. This led to a consideration of problems of a porismatic character, on which subject Mr. Gompertz published an able tract in the year 1850.

Mr. Gompertz's connexion with the Royal and Astronomical Societies was then adverted to. He was a fellow of these bodies for forty-five years, and served them as member of the council for

several years. To the Royal Astronomical Society he not only contributed a number of original essays on the theory of astronomical instruments, on aberration, Hayley's sextant, &c., but made the papers of other contributors more complete by supplying them with his own explanatory notes. He also co-operated with the late Francis Baily in constructing tables for the mean places of the fixed stars.

Mr. Adler then adverted to Mr. Gompertz's connexion with the Alliance Assurance Office and the National Reversionary Investment Company. In reviewing Mr. Gompertz's tract of 1820, on "An Analysis and Notation applicable to the Estimation of the Value of Life Contingencies," allusion was made to his anxiety that assurance companies should promulgate the information and experience they individually acquired, with a view to be guided by more truthful tables than were at that time acted upon.

Mr. Adler then compared the manner in which Mr. Gompertz derived his table of the Equitable mortality with that composed by Mr. Griffith Davies. They were found to agree very closely; but it was shown that Mr. Gompertz was the first to apply the stray remarks made by Mr. Morgan to the construction of this the first "Experience Table" published in this country. Mr. Gompertz energetically co-operated in the publication of the tables of mortality experienced by the Seventeen Companies.

The peculiar notation for life contingencies and sundry other important theorems, more especially in connexion with survivorships, were then examined.

A full description of Mr. Gompertz's celebrated law of mortality, first offered in a letter written by the author to Mr. Francis Baily, and contained in the *Philosophical Transactions* of 1823, was then given. As a gentleman not long since based one of his arguments to establish his title to the discovery of the law of mortality upon certain misprints which had crept into that publication, Mr. Adler exhibited Mr. Gompertz's own copy, in which, of course, the errors were found duly corrected, and other interesting manuscript matter supplied.

The simplicity and elegance of the law was prominently brought out by comparing it with other formulæ of mortality published by Lambert, Young, Littrow, Moser, &c. All these expressions, even if they gave correct results, would be found of too unwieldy a character to be of practical use.

Mr. Gompertz's improved law—first explained in his paper to the International Statistical Congress, and then fully dilated upon in his paper of 1861—was next examined. By means of an extension of the "vital rule of three" the different constants may be found, and the mortality determined, not only for certain periods of life, but from birth to extreme old age. Mr. Adler thought that by a further extension of the law, it might be made to exhibit those peculiar departures from regularity at certain climacteric periods of life to which such marked allusion had been made at the last meeting of the Institute.

MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY.	
ENTOMOLOGICAL, 7.	
TUESDAY.	
ROYAL INSTITUTION, 3.—"On Sound," Professor Tyndall. (Juvenile Lecture.)	
ANTHROPOLOGICAL, 4.—The Annual General Meeting.	
WEDNESDAY.	
PHARMACEUTICAL, 8.	
THURSDAY.	
ROYAL INSTITUTION, 3.—"On Sound," Professor Tyndall. (Juvenile Lecture.)	
FRIDAY.	
PHILOLOGICAL, 8.15.—"On <i>dia</i> as used of the Final Cause," Rev. E. H. Knowles; "On the Origin of Language," Mr. H. Wedgwood.	
SATURDAY.	
ROYAL INSTITUTION, 3.—"On Sound," Professor Tyndall. (Juvenile Lecture.)	

ART.

TAINÉ ON ART.

The Philosophy of Art. By H. Taine. Translated from the French, and Revised by the Author. (Baillière.)

THAT artists are, to a great extent, the creatures of their age and of surrounding circumstances, has been repeated so often of late, and is now so well known, that it has passed into a truism. But how it is so, and

why an artist who must always have the same model, the human form, before him, should make such a different use of it in different periods, has never been properly explained. It is much more easy to understand how poets are merely the voice of their contemporaries, expressing the same passions and the same wishes, only with greater intensity; because, though the human heart and the moral and intellectual character of man must always be fundamentally the same, still, that complex organism is made up of so many attributes, that it is quite impossible for the same ideas and the same feelings to be equally acted upon, or for the same actions to be deemed equally praiseworthy, from one generation to another. It might be assumed, therefore, *à priori*, that the productions of literature would differ very much, according to the society in which they were produced; and it is only what is to be expected for "Greek tragedy, that of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides (!), to appear at the time when the Greeks were victorious over the Persians; in the heroic era of small republican cities, when they conquered their independence and established their ascendancy in the civilized world; and to see it disappear along with this independence and vigour, when a degeneracy of character and the Macedonian conquest delivered the Greeks over to strangers." So, also, we feel it is very natural when the Roman politician tells us that he should have preferred doing illustrious actions; but inasmuch as the times were unfavourable, he was reduced to that secondary distinction which might be acquired by writing about the actions of others. History, in fact, could have had no existence except in the shape of dull annals, or official records, until men were enabled, under the shelter of something like a universal peace, to travel into distant countries, and correct the legends which had reached them of the hoar antiquity of kingdoms beyond the sea, by inquiries made on the spot, and by subjecting the boasts of interested priests and deceiving natives to the test of a criticism not unmindful of the similar exaggeration it had left behind at home. It was to the stupor which followed the degradation of Athens that we owe the History of Thucydides; and all the great historians of Rome wrote in a period of inaction, with some faint hope that the philosophy they wished to teach by examples might prevent the recurrence of the civil commotions, or the tyranny of the monsters of despotism they condemned.

But art—and by art we here mean principally painting and sculpture—has no moral to inculcate, and is always busied with the consideration of the same external forms. It might therefore have been thought that when the knowledge of perspective, foreshortening, &c., had once been grasped, and reduced to rules, Art would have been secure on a summit from which the hand of no barbarian could force her to descend. We have selected painting and sculpture, and have not included architecture, and still less poetry, as M. Taine does; because, though it may be true that all these are more or less arts of imitation, still, as we have already explained, the objects of this imitation are in the one case diversified, and in the other constant. And here comes the puzzle. How is it that when the method of delineating round and solid objects on a plane surface, so as to produce to the mind, and in no inconsiderable degree to the eye of a spectator, the effect of the objects themselves, was thoroughly understood—how is it that, allowing for the difference which picturesque garments and different use of colour might account for, such great and almost inconceivable varieties both in excellence and treatment should have been generated, that the most careless observer can at once detect them in the different so-called schools and periods of art?

This is the problem which M. Taine has endeavoured to solve in the little volume before us. It is divided into two parts: one analytical, "On the Nature of the Work of Art;" the other synthetical, "Production of the Work of Art." The object of the first

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part is to discover by a philosophic process the best definition of a work of art; and M. Taine sets about it thus: "On examining attentively an artist's career, we perceive, generally, two distinct epochs in it. During the first, in youth and in the maturity of his talent, he studies things in themselves, and studies them minutely and anxiously; he keeps his eyes always fixed on them, labouring over them, and tormenting himself to express them, which he does with scrupulous and even accurate fidelity. After passing a certain point in his life, he thinks he is sufficiently familiar with these objects, and is unable to detect anything new in them. He sets aside the living model, and with certain conventional rules derived from experience, he produces drama, romance, picture, or statue, as the case may be. The first epoch is that of true sentiment; the second that of mannerism and decline." We cannot for a moment admit this to be correct. In the careers of almost all artists previous to and including Raphael, so far from studying "things in themselves," we find they adhered almost slavishly to the traditions of the school in which they were brought up, and still more to the peculiarities, and even to the faults, of their individual masters. Nor did the Italian artists abandon this method of proceeding until drawing itself was so thoroughly understood, that it could be taught in common academies like a mechanical profession. The reason of this is far from being recondite. Vasari relates of Paolo Uccello that he would spend days and months alone considering the difficulties of art, and the mode of overcoming them. But his "extravagant fidelity" to the hard rules of perspective did not raise him to any very high place among the Florentine masters. It must have been soon discovered that what is apparently exact imitation of nature fails to produce the desired effect, and that there are mechanical, and even mathematical laws, the knowledge of which is necessary to enable the painter to convey any clear expression of his ideal.

But though M. Taine is unfortunate in his illustration, we cordially agree with his conclusion that "absolutely exact imitation is far from being the end of art." That would be to confound the material with the finished production, the "disjecta membra" of the poet with the complete poem itself. And here M. Taine is as happy as he was at first unfortunate in his comparison. "The 'Iphigenia' of Goethe, which was at first written in prose, and afterwards re-written in verse, affords abundant evidence of this. It is beautiful in prose, but in verse how different! The modification of ordinary language, in the introduction of rhythm and metre, evidently gives this work its incomparable accent, that severe sublimity, and lofty, sustained tragic tone, which elevates the spirit above the low level of common life, and brings before the eye visions of the heroes of ancient days—that lost race of primitive souls—and among them the august virgin, interpreter of the gods, custodian of the laws, and the benefactress of mankind, in whom is concentrated whatever is noble and good in human nature, in order to glorify our species, and renew the inspiration of our hearts."

The moment, however, we are agreed that exact imitation is not the end of art, we shall find scarce any two persons agreeing in what that end is. We can certainly go one step farther with M. Taine, and allow that a work of art must exhibit a certain relationship, or proportion, of its constituent parts. But our concurrence with his views would be little more than verbal. For what that proportion should be must again be matter of opinion. Nor does the definition appear to be much mended by the addition, that in order to obtain the highest result the artist is to "make predominant an essential character." This is understood in any perfect theory of proportion. A porch must be more predominant than a window in a facade, and the face in a portrait more so than the tablecloth, or the flowers on the table.

For ourselves, we are convinced the time is not yet arrived for constructing a philosophy of the nature of works of art. If it is necessary that poets should sing, and, in fact, that every action should be accomplished over and over again, before those who look on can make up their minds exactly how it is done, and, still more, how they themselves ought to set about trying to do it, all the the causes which operate in such cases to keep up the mystery of these productions of genius or diligence act here with tenfold force. We may perceive in the main that the patronage of a Pope, the dignity of a Court, the nobility of feudal life, could not have been dispensed with as ingredients in the education of the great artists of their respective epochs; but, on the other hand, it might be said, with equal justice, and was certainly well enough understood by the actors in those scenes themselves, that the benefits were at least reciprocated, even in those very things in which the superiority of worldly station might have been supposed to insure incomparable advantages. If this is so, a searching analysis of the history of Art may be most interesting to those who can devote the time to it, but we doubt if the cause of Art will derive much benefit therefrom, unless imperceptibly, and for the same reason that practical results often follow, at considerable intervals, from scientific discoveries of a very abstract character. Social conditions are so very different now from what they have ever previously been at times when Art has been illustrated by really great names, that we cannot decide whether it is the epoch which is wanting to the artist, or the reverse. We are inclined to think a real genius, after mastering the mechanical details of his profession, and acquiring a thorough knowledge of his materials, would throw to the winds much of the mere antiquarian armour with which it is now the practice to incumber everybody who puts a palette on his thumb; and whether it was really true of Sir Joshua or not, we are sure Goldsmith struck a well-pitched note by saying—

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

But this branch of the subject will bear a separate notice; and we shall return to M. Taine in connexion with it before long.

Cathedrals: a Constitutional History of Cathedrals of the Western Church. By Mackenzie E. C. Walcott, B.D. (London: Masters.)—All who feel interest in our noble cathedrals, and desire to know something more of the habits, customs, and laws of those who formerly peopled them, will welcome this volume. The tower, the spire, the transept, the nave, the choir, the chapels, all speak of men, their work, and their habitation. Who were they? What did they? To answer these questions is the aim of Mr. Walcott's work. The intention of the author, a gentleman well known for his knowledge of matters ecclesiastical, is to provide a constitutional history of the cathedrals of the Western Church. To effect this he seems to have spared neither time nor labour, having laid under contribution such a mass of primary authorities, home and foreign, that the reader cannot fail to be convinced of the accuracy of its statements. It begins by describing the purpose and origin of a cathedral, whose rights it proceeds to define; then gives a classification according to precedence, together with many of the general customs. We next have a list of the chief members, which, with their dignities, rights and duties, carries us over some three-fourths of the whole work. The remaining portion gives an alphabetically-arranged list of the officers and inferior ministers of the church, with their various functions. In this arrangement reference is constantly made to primary authorities, and the propositions advanced are proved by examples from almost all the English cathedrals, and from many foreign. Indeed, this constant reference and comparison could have been dispensed with, and is fatiguing to the general reader, to whom a flowing narrative would probably be more agreeable. To the man of facts, however, to him who not only wants statements but also their evidences, these references and comparisons will be no subject of complaint; and it is to him the

work will be of most value on the important subject of which Mr. Walcott treats.

ART NOTES.

SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE was perhaps the most learned artist of the day. He was profoundly versed in the Italian school, and knew more of the methods of painting than any other man. But though what we may call the machinery of art was with him exquisitely perfect and polished, there seemed a want of power to drive it. His pictures are graceful, and free from any taint of vulgarity, and some parts of them occasionally show that his knowledge of the Venetian system of colouring had been turned to account. But they are spooney and sentimental, rather than tender and true. He was so long at Rome during a period when that lifeless school was at its worst, that any natural energy, freshness, or invention he may have had, seems to have been altogether paralyzed; and he has left no great work behind him. He was, nevertheless, eminently useful in his profession; his contributions to the literature of art are exceedingly valuable. His freedom from any strong bias made him a most admirable critic; and at a time when the country was awaking to the importance of art, when our public buildings were being decorated, and our National Collection largely increased, the value of his excellent judgment and painstaking investigations can hardly be exaggerated.

It is the fashion for pictures, like actors, to "star it" in the provinces; and in this way such fabulous sums are made by our enterprising picture-dealers that a popular picture, by a popular artist, bears a sort of fictitious value; for the enormous price given for it is of itself so excellent an advertisement of its merit, that in that way alone it brings a handsome return. The "Derby Day," by Frith, R.A., after journeying half over the globe, has at last found a permanent home in the South Kensington galleries, where, during the past week, it has been the centre of attraction to the crowds who visited the museum; and no wonder, for a dexterous and illusive imitation of a scene so full of life and incident must needs be popular. It is a pleasure to those who know the reality to see it rendered so truthfully; while those who do not can enjoy the novelty of being at the Derby without the dust and annoyances of the road.

THE old refreshment rooms of the 1862 Exhibition, now the only part of it that remains, and which still form the south side of the quadrangle of the Horticultural Gardens, have been prepared for the reception of the portrait collection, a scheme initiated by Lord Derby, and which promises to be artistically, as well as historically, the most interesting exhibition of the coming season. The entrance is in the Exhibition Road, and exactly opposite to the entrance to the Kensington Museum, which was open during the International Exhibition, and which will before long be again open to the public. The long corridors leading to the museum will be devoted to the educational and constructional departments. The galleries are perfectly dry. The arrangements to maintain a proper uniform temperature (excluding all fire from the premises), and for constant watch by the police, give every security that can be provided. They have a quiet look of fitness, both in their simple arrangement and decorative colouring, and are calculated to contain about 800 pictures—nearly the number of British oil paintings exhibited in 1862. We understand that they will not fail to be adequately filled. On all hands there has been a hearty response, and many family treasures which have never before left walls where they have hung for generations, have been placed at the disposal of the committee. It has been proposed that the first year's exhibition, which is to open in April next, should extend to the Revolution of 1688; but we learn that the number of fine portraits offered may, perhaps, compel the committee to terminate the first year's exhibition with the portraits of the Commonwealth. Meanwhile they are in search of authentic portraits of the following eminent persons, and will be glad to receive any information or assistance: Sir John Oldecastle, Lord Cobham, Protestant martyr, 1360—1417; Cardinal Beaufort, 1370—1447; Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, died 1486; Sir Reginald Bray, statesman and architect, died 1503; Perkin Warbeck, pretender to the Crown, executed 1499; John Skelton, poet laureate, 1460—1529; Thomas Sternhold, versifier of the Psalms, died 1549; Edmund Spenser, poet, 1553—1599; Sir George Etherege, comic writer,

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1636—1689; Sir Charles Sedley, courtier and poet, 1639—1701; of George Chapman, the poet; of Bishop Chillingworth, of Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's; and of Michael Drayton, the poet; George Herbert, the poet; John Hampden, the patriot; Ecclesiastical Polity Hooker; Philip Massinger, the dramatist; and Sir Robert Naunton, the statesman.

THE following questions have been proposed by the Belgian Academy of Fine Arts, as subjects for prize essays for the year 1866: 1. The History of Mural Painting in Belgium, and of its Application to Architecture; 2. Rubens Considered as Architect; 3. On the Various Methods of Teaching Drawing, regarded from a Scientific and Artistic Point of View. The prize for the first of these questions amounts to 1,200 francs, those for the second and third to 800 and 600 francs respectively. The memoirs are to be written either in French, Latin, or Flemish, and to be sent, postage free, to M. Quetelet, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy, before the 1st of June, 1866.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A FUND is being collected, as most of our readers know, for erecting a monument to Vincent Wallace, and adding to the provision for his widow and children. The matter has been taken up very warmly by the American admirers of this composer. "Memorial concerts" have been given in New York, and the proceeds transmitted to the promoters of the object in England. A series of such concerts is now to be given in London, of which the first is announced for the 4th January, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Messrs. Cocks and Co. give the use of the rooms, and a number of good singers, among them Madame Sherrington, give their services on the occasion.

THE progress of the "Society for the Production of Unperformed (Choral) Masterpieces" will be watched with interest by all musical people. The opening rehearsals have already been held at the place appointed—the Lower Room, Exeter Hall—and the society announces Cherubini's Requiem Mass as the first work to be studied. We cannot help remarking, however, that in one cardinal point a great mistake has been made. The promoters advertise for 500 voices! We should have thought that experience had sufficiently shown the futility of attempting anything serious with monster choirs of amateurs. This society, by the very nature of its attempt, must have musicians *d'élite*. Only accomplished singers—speaking with reference to the common amateur standard—can be got to sing unfamiliar "classical" music respectably after a few rehearsals, and these will not sing in multitudes. It is not worth the while of a decent singer to make himself, evening after evening, the five-hundredth fraction of a vocal machine. The engagement to attend, in such a choir, means only, "I will come when I've nothing better to do." This works pretty well when the music sung is what nine out of ten already know by heart; but it will never do for "unperformed masterpieces." A choir setting before itself this object must have its work made interesting and pleasant; and is it interesting or pleasant to sing for a whole evening without hearing the music which you help to produce? For that, in effect, is the fate of every unit in a monster choir. If there are 120 basses, every man hears nothing but the roaring of his 119 neighbours. But that is not music. One may get a better notion of Cherubini's Requiem, or any other masterpiece, by stumbling through it, however feebly, with four voices over a pianoforte, than by thus helping to murder it in a monster chorus. The only way that we can imagine of effectively doing what the "Concordia" is trying to do, is to form a small choir, numbering, say, from sixty to eighty, of really effective singers, admitted only after passing a strict test of efficiency. Let such a choir set to work in however obscure a way, and practice some one great masterpiece till they can perform it respectably, and they will soon have no difficulty in finding effective recruits. Then, if they limit their numbers to one hundred or so, and are resolute in expelling dawdlers, they need not fear having an abundant choice of good singers to fill all vacancies. We wish nothing but good to the new society. Its object is a capital one; and it is young enough, we hope, to get off the wrong track on which it seems to have started.

MR. CHARLES ADAMS is gone to sing the part of *Vasco* at the Royal Opera of Madrid. Signor Mario has been engaged at the same theatre.

THE performance of "Martha" at the Théâtre Lyrique is spoken of as a great success. A piece so happily suited to the French taste—as was proved by its success at the Italiens—could hardly fail to satisfy when done in the vernacular. Mdle. Nilsson, the Danish soprano, whose powers ought to suit the part admirably, is the *Lady Henrietta*, and M. Troy the *Plunkett*.

THE Italian Opera at Paris has just been made the habitation of a musical and artistic club, called the "Cercle Philharmonique." This society has entered into an arrangement with the manager, M. Bagier, by which it is to have at its disposal the whole of the resources of the place, its foyer, library, &c., with free admission for the members to all the performances. The subscription to this agreeable club is 16*l.* a-year.

ADMIRERS of ballet-dancing who go to Paris may be interested to know that an advanced type of that kind of entertainment is to be seen at the Théâtre Duchatelet, the neighbour and architectural twin of the Théâtre Lyrique. The managers advertised a little while back for "300 pretty girls." Having procured the required number, pretty or otherwise, they have been exhibiting them to the public in a condition so nearly approaching nudity as to shock even the sensibilities of the police. An edict has consequently been issued, ordering the adoption of less Paradisiacal fashions.

THE DRAMA.

THE MASTER OF RAVENSWOOD.

THE story of the "Bride of Lammermoor" has been so often presented to the public as to permit them to assume that it has exhausted its novelty in whatever form it might be rendered. In drama, in opera, and even in burlesque, the romance has been constantly re-appearing. Still we are not surprised that Mr. Fechter, probably the most brilliant of stage heroes in our modern day, should have conceived the propriety of reviving a character like the *Master of Ravenswood*, surrounded with so much dramatic interest. The play, as produced at the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday night, might be considered by persons familiar with stage representations during the last twenty or thirty years to be a free alteration of the "Bride of Lammermoor," as adapted by Mr. John William Calcraft, and performed in Edinburgh some very long time ago, when the adapter himself played *Edgar Ravenswood*; Mr. Murray, the Scotch manager, *Craigengelt*; and Mr. Mackay (the favourite Baillie Nicol Jarvie of Sir Walter Scott), *Caleb Balderstone*. For, with certain emendations, alterations, and additions, it is pretty nearly the same. Dramatists, however, who draw upon novels for their works, can scarcely avoid coincidence in language and incidents in their respective treatments. The present drama is in nine tableaux, and before dealing with the merits of the production, it may be well to refer to the events illustrated in it, that the reader may judge for himself how far they depart from the original story. The first scene is at the Mermaid's Well, which is marked by the saving by *Edgar Ravenswood* of the lives of *Sir William* and *Lucy Ashton*. We are next introduced to the gate of Wolf's Crag, the *Master's* last home, where the duel between *Edgar* and *Hayston of Bucklaw* takes place. The interior of the old castle is then revealed, and the *Master's* faithful servant, *Caleb*, displays his allegiance to the ancient house in his clumsy endeavours to conceal the poverty of the place. Theready lies, the loud commands to imaginary servitors, and the contrivances by which he avoids the supply of the viands which he has previously invited the guests to take, are among the gems of this scene. Here, driven by a storm, come *Sir William Ashton* and *Lucy*, and here is the first love-shaft sent home, and the key of friendship turned to lock up the animosities of the past. Returning to the Mermaid's Well, we have the love declarations of *Edgar* and *Lucy*, and the exchange of the pieces of gold coin which are to serve as emblems of their mutual affection. The brightness of their future is dimmed, however, by the prophecy of the old blind woman, *Alice*—

When the last Lord of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride
To woo a dead maiden to be his bride,
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's Flow;
And the name shall be lost for evermore—

who looks with dismay on the union of the two houses. At Girninghame House, in a conversation between *Bucklaw*, and the Bobadil-Pistol

swaggerer, *Captain Craigengelt*, we hear of the proposal of marriage from *Hayston* to *Lucy Ashton*. Following this, we are shown the ancient hall of Ravenswood, now in the possession of the Ashton family; and the reception of *Hayston* as the favoured suitor for the hand of *Lucy*. In this scene, which is famous for the annihilation of the hopes of *Edgar*, and the sacrifice of his betrothed, is, perhaps, the finest series of situations in the piece. Forced by her mother, *Lucy* betrays herself into the match with *Hayston*. In the chapel cloisters, *Edgar* is made aware of the beguilement of his love, and, in the midst of the ceremony of the hasty marriage, tears his plighted one away. A chase after him brings us to the Kelpie's Flow, where the prophecy is fulfilled, and the *Master* and *Lucy* perish in the quicksands of the fatal stream. In the Edinburgh version, *Ravenswood* kills himself in the hall of his ancestors, and falls by the dead body of *Lucy*. So far, therefore, as stage effect is concerned, the drowning in the Kelpie's Flow is certainly an improvement. Since the interest commencing with the first tableau does not flag for an instant, the drama may be said to be exceedingly well-constructed. An audience will see nothing more strikingly pathetic on the stage than in the scene where *Edgar* accuses his distracted lover with the unfaithfulness of her vows, nor more thrilling broken-heartedness than that exhibited by *Lucy*, when she receives the bitter reproaches of him for whom her love could never die. The acting of Mr. Fechter as the *Master*, and Miss Carlotta Leclercq as *Lucy*, was simply superb. The love-making at the Mermaid's Well was exquisitely tender, and no one half so well as Mr. Fechter could invest it with that grace and natural feeling necessary to make such scenes attractive in a male point of view. Mr. Fechter's denunciations to *Lucy* were marked by consummate taste in their delivery, and the heart would be hard indeed, did it not feel touched by the apparent justice of them; but all sympathies culminated in Miss Leclercq, whose acting required no words. No one could doubt the sincerity of *Lucy's* grief and distraction at the phrenzied charges, and the expressions of withal of unalterable affection of her lover; and when the gold pieces are exchanged, her spirit, which has been tampered with, and held down by the iron determination of her mother, *Lady Ashton*, breaks away entirely, and the hysterical and half-witted laugh conveys too sadly the influences which have controlled her. The introduction of the character of *Alice* gives to us the opportunity of seeing once more an old public favourite, Mrs. Ternan, but it in no way assists the development or interest of the piece. The prophecy would have carried sufficient weight from the lips of *Caleb* alone. However, this is a question of taste, and Mr. Fechter, or Mr. Palgrave Simpson, is responsible for it. Mr. Herman Vezin was a manly *Hayston of Bucklaw*. Mr. Widdicombe's personation of the blustering coward, *Captain Craigengelt*, was humorous and free from exaggeration. Of the other characters, we may say that *Caleb* could not be in better hands than Mr. Emery's, and that Mr. Jordan and Miss Elsworthy represented with fit dignity *Sir William* and *Lady Ashton*. With a little clerical moderation Mr. Raymond's *Bide-the-Bent* will be more respectfully received in the future than on the first night. We were afraid that Mr. Raymond, desirous of making something of a small part, was about to follow in the steps of a certain supernumerary who it is said once went on the stage to declaim:—

My lord, the banquet waits,
and being somewhat dissatisfied with the only opportunity thus offered to him of distinguishing himself, proceeded to add—

The man who lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, &c.,

and was not permitted to continue his views upon so important a subject.

Our notice of the production of this drama would be imperfect were we to omit reference to the scenery of Mr. T. Grieve, for to this, as much as to the acting, is the success of Saturday night to be attributed. More beautiful or more appropriate scenery never was set to any piece; and the Mermaid's Well, the Wolf's Crag, Ravenswood Hall, and the Kelpie's Flow are the conceptions of a thorough artist. To sum up, the "Master of Ravenswood" should repay to Mr. Fechter the liberal outlay of art and money which has been made upon it.

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
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